"CLUE OF THE GREEN AMAZON," A GREAT DETECTIVE STORY, NEXT WEEK

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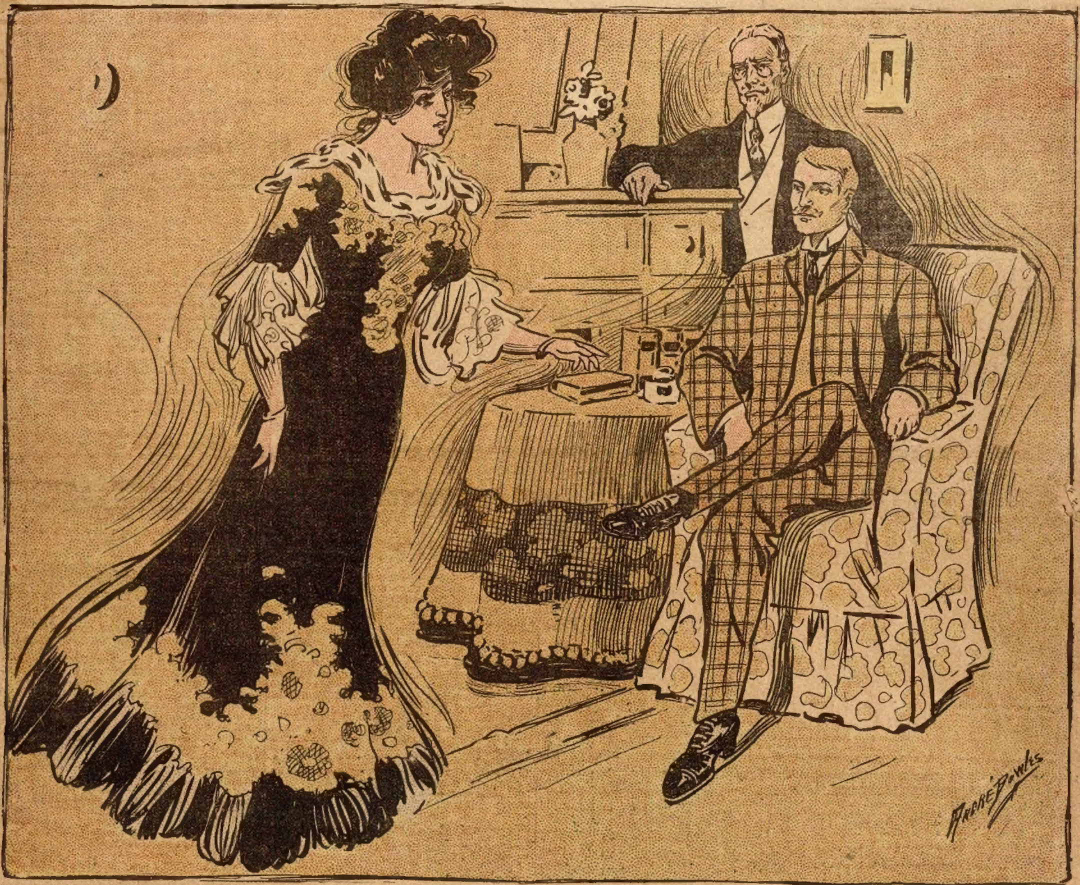

THE MURDER AT HILARY COURT.

By Emma Howard Wight.

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CHAPTER I.

Reuben Giles stood looking at the pretty little Gothic lodge standing just within the gates of Hilary Court, with the roses clambering about the lower windows and a great bed of scarlet geranium beside the gray stone steps leading up to the porch. Reuben's sun-burned, weather-beaten face was all aglow with pleasure, there was a happy light in his dark-brown eyes. He had been born in that quaint, lattice-windowed house and it was five years since he had looked upon it, five years spent toiling in the gold fields of Australia.

There was something of sadness mingled with that home-coming, for both of his parents had died during his absence, but there was one to welcome him whom Reuben loved as nothing else on earth—his sister. He had been a lad of seven when she was born, and, almost from the time that she began to toddle about, she was the dearest thing life held for Reuben. To make money to educate Grace like a lady had been the ruling incentive that caused him to seek his fortune in Australia. He had worked hard and endured many hardships, but he had returned with ten thousand pounds. Grace had been a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed slip of a girl, fifteen years old when Reuben went away. He worked day and night sometimes, and denied himself in every way in order to send home money to pay for Grace's schooling at a semi-genteel boarding school at the neighboring town of Warton, two miles from Hilary Court. Upon leaving school, she had come back to live at the lodge with her aunt, Hepzibah Giles.

"I wonder if Grace will mind leaving the lodge now that I can make a home for her," Reuben was thinking. "It's a pretty place and it is home, but I guess Grace's life is a dull one with only Aunt Hepzibah for company. But I can change all that now."

He stood for a moment or so longer, looking about him with pleased, happy eyes, then passed up the steps onto the porch.

"I wonder where they are?" he murmured, and then he smiled as he pictured Grace's happy surprise, for he had not written her that he was coming home.

He was smiling and his heart beat a little quicker as he stepped into the small hall. How quiet the place was! There was not a soul to be seen, not a sound to be heard. Reuben opened the door leading into the parlor, half expecting to find Grace there, but there was no one, the blinds were closely drawn and the room had a look as though it was rarely used.

As Reuben closed the door and turned away, a tall, elderly woman, angular and sharp-featured, came out of the living room on the opposite side of the hall. She stopped abruptly at the sight of Reuben and stood staring at him dumbly.

"Why, Aunt Hepzibah," Reuben exclaimed, laughingly, "you look as though you had seen a ghost."

"Reuben, Reuben Giles, is it really you?" Hepzibah Giles cried, dazedly, her sallow face paling.

"Why of course it's me, Aunt Hepzibah," Reuben replied, as he went up to her and kissed her. "I thought I'd take you and Gracie by surprise. Where is Grace?"

"Let me set down," said Hepzibah. She turned back into the room as she spoke, and sank down into the nearest chair.

Reuben followed her, wondering a little that she should be so upset at his sudden appearance, for Hepzibah Giles was a woman who did not easily lose her self-control.

"Why, Aunt Hepzibah, I had no idea of startling you like this," he said, as he noted her pale face and the trembling of her hands. "I hope I won't have the same effect on Grace." A sudden feeling of depression stole over him as he looked about the familiar room in which he and Grace had playde together as children. "It's sad to come home and find father and mother both gone," he murmured. Then he turned toward Hepzibah and, for the second time, asked where Grace was.

"She—she ain't here," Hepzibah replied, in an odd, strained voice.

"Not here," repeated Reuben, his face falling. "Why, where is she?"

"Didn't you get the letter I wrote you, Reuben?" asked Hepzibah.

"No. I've been up country out of the way of letters. Aunt Hepzibah,' his face growing white and his voice beginning to shake, "has anything happened to Grace? My God! she ain't dead, is she?"

Hepzibah shook her head, and Reuben drew a long breath of intense relief.

"Thank God for that!" he cried.

Hepzibah looked at him curiously.

"P'raps you won't think that way when you know the truth," she said. "I wish that was the worse I had to tell you, Reuben, that Grace was in her grave."

"What do you mean?" he cried, hoarsely. "What could happen to Grace that would be worse than death?"

Hepzibah did not look at him as she replied, in a low voice:

"Dishonor and shame."

"Dishonor and shame," he murmured, slowly, as though trying to grasp the meaning of the words. Then his hand fell heavily upon Hepzibah's shoulder. "What has happened to my sister that you dare speak of shame and dishonor in connection with her? Woman, what evil have you let come to her?"

"Take away your hand, Reuben; you're hurting me. Don't look at me like that. As God hears me I am not to blame in this matter. Sit down and I'll tell you all there is to tell."

"Tell me the name of the man!" cried Reuben, and the look on his face made Hepzibah shudder. "Quick, the name of the man that brought my sister to shame."

"I can't tell you that, Reuben, for I don't know it myself," Hepzibah answered, and to herself she murmured, "And I thank God for it, Reuben Giles, for there's murder in your eyes."

"Are you telling me the truth?" he asked.

Hepzibah drew herself up indignantly.

"Reuben Giles, I ain't a woman that lies. I know no more than the babe unborn who the man was that lured Grace away. Set down, Reuben—you set my nerves on edge standing there that way—and let me tell you about it."

Reuben dropped heavily into a chair. He looked like a man stricken to the very soul. The change from the glad expectancy of his face was pitiable.

"I knew he'd take it powerful hard," Hepzibah was thinking, as she glanced half-fearfully at his white, rigid face. "He was just wrapped up in that unhappy girl. Reuben," she said, aloud, "as I have told you, I hold myself blameless in the harm that's come to Grace. She deceived me from first to last. I never knew she even had a lover until the day she went away. There was plenty as would have liked to keep company with her, but she wouldn't have nothing to say to any of the young farmers about here. There's Steve Lawson—he owns the farm now and is well fixed—as was crazy about her, but it wasn't no use. Steve ain't never been the same fellow since she went away. I always 'lowed that it was a mistake to educate Grace above her station, and harm's come of it. An honest farmer wasn't good enough for her, she must needs take up with a gentleman, and everybody knows what that means with a girl like Grace."

"A gentleman!" cried Reuben, harshly. "I thought you said you didn't know who the man was."

"I know he was a gentleman because Grace said so herself."

"Said so herself?"

"Yes, in the letter that she sent. She walked out of this house on the 15th day of last December and she never came back. But the next day I got a letter from her post-marked London."

"Have you got that letter?"

"Yes, that and the one that came afterward."

She arose, as she spoke, and crossed the room to an old-fashioned desk that stood in one corner, from one of the drawers of which she took two letters which she handed to Reuben.

A slight quiver passed over his face as he looked at the address written on the envelopes. How familiar the pretty schoolgirlish handwriting was to him! How eagerly he had watched for her letters! He had treasured nearly every one she had written him during the five years he had been in Australia. He looked at the postmarks on the letters. Both had been mailed in London, one on the 15th of December, the other a week later.

Reuben took the first letter from the envelope and read rapidly the few lines that followed:

"Dear Aunt Hepzibah:

I hope you will not be very angry with me. I have gone away to be married to a gentleman, and, for reasons that I cannot explain now, the marriage must be kept secret for a time. You shall hear from me before long, and I will also write to my brother. Your niece, GRACE GILES."

"But it is possible that he did marry her," said Reuben, as he read the letter again more slowly. "It's evident enough that she believed that he would."

"Grace was a good girl and she wouldn't have gone away with him if he hadn't promised to marry her," Hepzibah declared. "But read the other letter, Reuben."

Reuben read the letter, a dark-red flush mounting to his brow, while the veins at his temples swelled and throbbed.

"Aunt Hepzibah:

"I have gone out of your life and Reuben's forever. I have been betrayed by the one I love and trusted with all my heart, with all my soul. Think of me as one who is dead, you and Reuben. Your unhappy niece, GRACE."

With an oath Reuben started to his feet.

"So help me God, I shall never rest day nor night until I have found and killed the villain who dishonored my sister!" he cried.

"Hush, Reuben, don't talk in that wicked way," reproved Hepzibah. "Leave that man to God. He has said, 'Vengeance is Mine.'"

He turned from her with a gesture of impatience.

"The world is too small to hold that scoundrel and me. He lured my innocent sister away with a false promise of marriage. He has brought shame and dishonor on our name. Some day I shall kill him as I would a wild beast."

Hepzibah, looking sorrowfully at his dark, determined face, realized how worse than useless it would be to argue with him, at any rate in his present state of mind.

"He'll see things different, perhaps, when he's had time to cool down a bit," she thought, with a sigh. "I can't believe that he means to commit murder. I am going to get your dinner now, Reuben," she said.

He shook his head.

"I couldn't eat."

"Nonsense, Reuben!" cried Hepzibah, sharply. "People have got to eat no matter what happens. I am going to fix a nice dinner."

He stopped her on her way to the door.

"Didn't you make any inquiries, try to find out anything after Grace went away?" he asked.

"I did all I knew how, Reuben. I went up to the Court and saw Sir Blair and told him what had happened. He was very kind and said he would run up to London in a day or so and try to find some trace of Grace. And he did go, but he came back without finding anything. He was as much mystified as I was as to who the man was that Grace went away with. 'We must hope for the best,' he said, but I think he feared that Grace had been deceived from the first. He told me to write to you and I did."

"Is Sir Blair at the Court now?" asked Reuben.

"Yes; he'll be powerful glad to see you, Reuben. He's always asking me when you're coming home."

Reuben said nothing. The pleasure with which he had looked forward to seeing the baronet, Sir Blair Hilary, was all gone, though next to his sister he cared more for Sir Blair than for any one on earth. He and Sir Blair were foster-brothers. They had played together as children and had been inseparable companions until Sir Blair went away to college. Now, however, with this sorrow upon him that was half shame, Reuben shrank from seeing Sir Blair. After he had made a pretense of eating the nice dinner Hepzibah prepared for him, he left the lodge and walked slowly toward the Court, along the wide avenue.

Hilary Court was a great, rambling house of gray stone, surrounded by beautiful grounds. Reuben paused and stood gazing at the house with gloomy eyes, full of something that was like despair. He was thinking how delighted Grace had been, as a child, when they were bidden to spend the day at he Court. A vision of a pretty, innocent-faced child, with blue eyes, dancing with pleasure, and long fair hair, rose before him, and a groan burst from his lips. What was that child now? He thought of the slim, girlish creature that had clung about his neck with sobs and tears when he went away, and wished with all his soul that he had never left her, or that he had returned immediately after the death of his parents who had died within a month of each other.

"She would never have come to harm if I had been here to watch over her," he said to himself, with bitter self-reproach.

He aroused himself with an effort, passed around to the servants' entrance and inquired for Sir Blair. The maid who admitted him, stared curiously at his pale, set face and then went away to inform Sir Blair. She returned and told Reuben that Sir Blair would see him in the library. When he entered the library, Sir Blair stared at him for a moment almost incredulously, and then sprang eagerly forward with outstretched hands, his face lighting with pleasure.

"Why, Reuben, is it really you?" he exclaimed.

The dark gloom of Reuben's face lifted for the moment, as he clasped Sir Blair's hand and met the pleased welcome in Sir Blair's eyes. The young baronet came of a handsome race. He was tall, erect, and slender, carrying himself with a sort of careless grace. He had the patrician features, dark hair and deep-blue eyes peculiar to the Hilarys, and which were reproduced again and again in the portraits in the picture gallery at Hilary Court.

The five years of toil and hardship, which had left their mark upon Reuben Giles, had changed Sir Blair but little. Reuben's heart went out to him in all the old affection.

"Why, Reuben, old fellow, this is a delightful surprise," said Sir Blair. "Miss Hepzibah never mentioned to me that you were coming home."

"She didn't know it, Sir Blair," replied Reuben. "I thought I'd take her and—and Grace by surprise."

A look of sympathy and compassion flashed across Sir Blair's face.

"I fear it has proved a sad home-coming to you, Reuben," he said gently.

For the first time in his sturdy, honest life, Reuben felt the hot blood of shame rise to his cheek. It was a moment or so before he could speak.

"You are right, Sir Blair, it has indeed been a sad and bitter home-coming to me. There is only one thing left for me to live for—to find the man who betrayed my sister, and kill him."

"I am sure you know how deeply I feel for you in your trouble, Reuben," said Sir Blair.

"Sir Blair, have you any suspicion as to who the man is that Grace went away with?" asked Reuben.

"Not the faintest. The affair was evidently carried on with the greatest secrecy, and whoever the man was, he was most successful in keeping his identity a secret. Grace went up to London alone from Warton, but after that all trace of ner was lost. I was not surprised when that second letter came for Miss Hepzibah, declaring that she had been betrayed. I had feared that from the first."

Before Reuben had time to make any reply, the door opened and a young man entered bearing a most striking resemblance to Sir Blair.

"I beg your pardon, Blair," he exclaimed. "I did not know you were engaged," and he turned and went out again.

"That's my cousin, Godfrey Hilary," Sir Blair explained.

"He looks enough like you to be your brother, Sir Blair," declared Reuben.

Sir Blair smiled.

"Yes, the resemblance is rather striking. Godfrey and his mother have been living at the Dower House for the past two years. My mother being dead, the Dower House reverts to the widow of my father's brother. But tell me, Reuben, what are your plans now that you have returned?"

Reuben's face darkened. He arose as he spoke.

"My one object in life now is to find and kill that—man."

Sir Blair arose and laid his hand on Reuben's shoulder.

"I know just how you feel in this matter, Reuben," he said, "and there is the unwritten law that justifies you, perhaps, in hunting down and killing the man who has ruined your sister. But, Reuben, after all, what will it avail if you do? Will it not but add to your misery and trouble? Do you want this man's blood upon your soul, Reuben? You understand that I would not speak to you in this way but for my sincere affection for you."

"I know that, Sir Blair, and, if there was anybody that could influence me in this matter, it would be you. But there ain't nothing in all the world as can turn me from my purpose. Some day, sooner or later, I shall find that man and kill him."

CHAPTER II.

A month later Detective Long, from Scotland Yard, was ushered into the library at Hilary Court, where he was joined in a few moments by John Benton of Benton & Benton, Lincolns Inn Court, Sir Blair Hilary's lawyer.

"My name's Long, Mr. Benton," said the detective, "and I have been sent in answer to your request for a detective."

Benton, who had heard of Detective Long of Scotland Yard, glanced rather curiously at the small, dapper-looking, fresh-colored man whom it never would have occurred to him, was a detective.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Long," he replied. "I wrote the inspector to send me a clever man and am pleased that he has so faithfully carried out my instructions."

Long bowed in response to the rather neat compliment.

"Be seated, Mr. Long," continued the lawyer, who was a tall, alert-looking man about fifty years of age, "and I will order you some lunch."

"Nothing just at present, thank you," said Long. "First I would like to be informed relative to this case."

"Very good," acquiesced Mr. Benton. "As you are aware, Mr. Godfrey Hilary, cousin to Sir Blair Hilary, was murdered three days ago. He was shot in the grounds here, not a great distance from the house. Yesterday Sir Blair Hilary was arrested for the murder."

"Upon what grounds was Sir Blair arrested?" inquired the detective.

"Well, mostly upon the testimony at the inquest of Mrs. Hilary, mother of the murdered man. She and her son were dining here on the night of the murder and it appears that Sir Blair and Godfrey Hilary had a quarrel in the diningroom after dinner. Mrs. Hilary stated that she heard them talking in excited tones, as she crossed the hall from the library, where she had gone to get a book, to the drawingroom. She also asserts that she heard Sir Blair say distinctly, 'You shall never marry Aileen Donnelly.' The latter is the young lady to whom Godfrey was engaged and lives with her father, a retired army officer, at Willow Lawn, about a mile from Hilary Court. It is a well-known fact that Sir Blair was very much in love with Miss Donnelly, but she, it seems, preferred his cousin."

"Had Sir Blair just learned of the engagement the night of the murder?" inquired the detective.

"Oh, no; Miss Donnelly and Godfrey Hilary had been engaged for about a month."

"Had the engagement made any difference in the relations between the cousins?"

"So far as I know, it had not."

"Does Sir Blair Hilary admit that he and his cousin quarreled about Miss Donnelly?"

"He admits nothing; on the contrary, he positively refuses to say what occasioned the quarrel. But, judging from the remark overheard by Mrs. Hilary, it must have been about Miss Donnelly."

"By whom was the body of the murdered man discovered?"

"By Sir Blair Hilary himself. It seems that a few minutes after Mrs. Hilary overheard that declaration of Sir Blair's, Godfrey Hilary went out of the house and was followed by Sir Blair shortly after. Mrs. Hilary heard a pistol shot and ran out into the hall and to the front door. In a minute or so Sir Blair same running toward the house, and, when he reached Mrs. Hilary, he told her that Godfrey had been shot."

"Where did the shooting occur?"

"In what is known as the Palm Walk, nearly opposite a summer-house that stands near the entrance of the walk. That is where the body was found. The bullet struck the murdered man squarely between the eyes, penetrating the brain, and the doctors declare that death was instantaneous."

"I suppose that Sir Blair is confined in the jail at Warton?"

"Yes, and he will be tried at the next term of court in September, that is, unless he is cleared in the meanwhile."

"I would like to see the spot where the murder was committed," suggested the detective.

"I will take you there," said Mr. Benton.

The two men left the house, and Mr. Benton led the way to a broad walk, bordered on either side by a growth of palms, and walked on until they reached a pretty rustic summer-house.

"This is where the body lay," said Mr. Benton, indicating a spot nearly in a line with the summer-house. "The bullet found in the brain of the deceased, belonged to a 32-calibre pistol, but no weapon was found. The deceased lay on his back with his feet toward the summer-house. If Sir Blair had committed the murder, he must have passed his cousin and then turned and faced him."

"Well, not necessarily. Godfrey Hilary could have been shot as he turned to look back over his shoulder."

"That never occurred to me," the lawyer admitted. "But I see that it is possible."

"Has a search been made for the weapon?"

"Yes, by the local police, but without any result. The murderer must have carried the pistol away with him."

Long spent five minutes prowling about in the vicinity of the murder and then they returned to the house. It was arranged that the detective should make Hilary Court his headquarters.

"I would like first of all to have a talk with Sir Blair Hilary," he said, while he waited for the lunch which Mr. Benton had ordered served in the library.

"You can drive with me to Warton this afternoon," said Mr. Benton. "I am going back to London on the 3:40 train."

"Do you believe that Sir Blair Hilary committed this murder, Mr. Benton?" asked Long.

"No, I do not," replied the lawyer, "though I must admit that appearances are against him."

Some hours later Mr. Benton and the detective were ushered into the cell at the Warton jail in which Sir Blair was confined. Long's eyes lingered reflectively upon Sir Blair's handsome face, which was pale, but perfectly calm, as Mr. Benton introduced him to the young baronet. The lawyer's train being due, he soon took his departure and Long was alone with the accused man.

"Sir Blair, I have been informed that you refuse to tell what the quarrel between you and your cousin on the night of the murder was about," said Long. "Is this correct?"

Sir Blair bowed. "It is perfectly correct."

"Is it your intention to persist in this refusal?"

"It is."

"As you are perhaps aware, Sir Blair, the

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general belief is that you and your cousin quarreled about the young lady to whom he was engaged."

"I am aware that such is the general supposition, but it is incorrect."

"Do you mean to assert that the quarrel between your cousin and yourself was not about Miss Donnelly?"

"That is what I mean to assert."

"Then how do you account for the words of yours overheard by Mrs. Hilary?"

"I have no explanation to offer in regard to them."

It was a moment or so before the detective spoke. He was asking himself if Sir Blair Hilary was simply trying to shield the woman he loved from unpleasant notoriety.

"You were the first to discover the murder, I understand, Sir Blair?" he said.

"Yes, I left the house shortly after my cousin," Sir Blair replied, "and I heard a pistol shot from the direction of the Palm Walk. I ran quickly in that direction and found Godfrey lying in the walk almost opposite the summer-house. It was a bright moonlight night and I saw at once that he was dead. There was a bullet hole in his forehead between the eyes."

"I suppose you saw no one anywhere in the vicinity of the spot where the murder was committed?"

"I saw no one."

Long realized that there was nothing to be gained by questioning Sir Blair and he arose.

"I shall see you again shortly, Sir Blair," he said. "I trust that I may be able to get at the bottom of this business."

Sir Blair bowed, but he said nothing in reply and his face was imperturbable. The detective left the jail rather puzzled.

The trap was waiting to take him back to Hilary Court and he instructed the groom to drive him to the Dower House. The Dower House was only half a mile from the Court, and, upon arriving there, Long inquired for Mrs. Hilary. He was shown into a small reception-room adjoining the drawing-room by a trim-looking maid with black ribbon bows on her cap.

He was not kept waiting long. In a few moments the door opened and a handsome, well-preserved woman in deep black entered. As she came forward, Long had time to observe how pale and grief-stricken she appeared.

"My name is Long, Mrs. Hilary," he said, "and I am a detective, my business being to discover the murderer of Mr. Godfrey Hilary."

"You will not need to go far to find the murderer of my son," she replied. "He is in the jail at Warton."

"You have no doubt then, but that your son was murdered by his cousin, Sir Blair Hilary?"

An inexpressibly bitter smile flitted across her lips.

"There can be no doubt about it. I know Blair Hilary killed my son."

"I admit that the circumstantial evidence against Sir Blair is pretty strong, but such evidence is by no means infallible."

Mrs. Hilary shrugged her shoulders wearily.

"Who else could have committed the murder? My son and Blair Hilary quarreled about Aileen Donnelly, to whom Godfrey was engaged. I heard Blair Hilray say to Godfrey, 'You shall never marry Aileen Donnelly.' As you have no doubt heard, Blair Hilary was madly in love with Aileen Donnelly and expected to win her for his wife. My son leaves the house after his quarrel with Blair Hilary. The latter gets a pistol, follows him and shoots him. Then, in order to avert suspicion from himself, he pretends to discover the body of my son, and rushes back to the house crying that Godfrey has been shot. It is plain enough now that Blair Hilary never forgave Godfrey for winning Aileen Donnelly."

"What were the relations existing between your son and Sir Blair Hilary previous to the former's engagement to Miss Donnelly?"

"They were the very best of friends, the most congenial of companions."

"Did these relations continue after your son's engagement to Miss Donnelly, Mrs. Hilary?"

"Apparently they did, but it is evident that Blair hated Godfrey and the time came when he could no longer conceal his feelings and they quarreled. I am convinced that Blair Hilary forced that quarrel upon Godfrey."

"Sir Blair doesn't strike me as the sort of man to force a quarrel upon a man who was his guest," suggested the detective.

"No man is punctilious when under the influence of such feelings as possessed Blair Hilary. And I believed him to be all that is upright, generous an dnoble."

"That is the reputation he seems to bear generally."

"He is a hypocrite, but he is known now for that which he really is," Mrs. Hilary cried, passionately. "If he were only not so like my poor boy in appearance!" She shuddered. "The resemblance between them was remarkable. If only I need never look again upon Blair Hilary's face!"

She sank back in her chair, white and almost overcome with emotion.

The detective arose.

"I will not detain you any longer, Mrs. Hilary," he said. "By the way, there is just one more question that I would like to ask you. Had your son any enemies? Do you know of any one who would have a motive in seeking his life?"

"I do not," she replied, promptly. "To my knowledge, Godfrey hadn't an enemy in the world."

Long took his departure then, and was driven on toward Hilary Court. A broad-shouldered young man, the deep and settled gloom of whose face attracted the attention of the detective, came out of the lodge to open the gates.

"Who is that man?" Long asked of the groom as they drove along the avenue. "Does he live at the lodge? An elderly woman opened the gates when we drove through before."

"That's Reuben Giles, sir," the groom replied. "Yes, he lives at the lodge with his aunt, Miss Hepzibah Giles, her that opened the gates."

"He's a gloomy-looking fellow," declared Long. "Looks like he had a grudge against all the world."

"He's looked that way ever since he came back from Australia a month ago and found that his sister had run off."

"What made her run off?"

The groom grinned.

"Well, she run off expecting to git married, but got disappointed."

"How was that?"

"I suppose the gentleman she run off with never had no intention of marrying her."

"Who was the gentleman?"

"That's just what nobody knows, and what Rube's trying to find out ever since he's been back. Rube says he'll never rest till he kills him."

"The gentleman in question must have been very clever at covering up his tracks," suggested the detective.

"He was that. But Rube, he'll never give up till he finds him. He ain't the kind to get discouraged and he was powerful fond of his sister. Grace Giles was a pretty girl and she was educated like any lady. Rube sent her the money to pay for her schooling. Sir Blair was considerable cut up when Grace ran away. Her mother was Sir Blair's fostermother and Sir Blair sets lots of store by Rube and Grace. Nobody could make Rube believe that Sir Blair killed his cousin."

"Reuben Giles will find himself in the same predicament as Sir Blair if he should happen to come up with the man who ruined his sister, that is if he really means to kill him."

"I wouldn't like to stand in that man's shoes if Rube finds him. Poor Miss Hepzibah, she don't have no peace of her life, she's so afraid that Rube will find the man that Grace went off with. She says that Sir Blair tried to get Rube to give up hunting the fellow down, but it wasn't no use, and, if Sir Blair can't influence Rube, nobody in the world can."

The trap came to a stop in front of the house and Long alighted, after tipping the loquacious groom.

The detective dined in solitary state and spent the evening in questioning the servants, but without obtaining any information of importance bearing upon the murder. Sir Blair was greatly beloved by his servants and they were all unanimous in declaring their belief in his innocence.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Detective Long started out to walk to Willow Lawn for the purpose of interviewing Miss Donnelly. When he reached the lodge and Reuben Giles came out to open the gates for him, he paused.

"This is a picturesque little place," he remarked, indicating the lodge.

"Yes, it's pretty enough," Reuben replied. Then he added, "I heard that you are a detective from Scotland Yard?"

Long nodded. "That's right."

"Well, I hope you'll soon discover the murderer," Reuben declared.

"Then you don't believe that Sir Blair Hilary killed his cousin?"

Something like a smile lighted the gloom of Reuben's face.

"No, I don't believe it," he replied, simply, but his voice and his face said more than his words, and then he walked toward the gates with the evident intention of bringing the conversation to a close.

A young man drove up to the gates and stopped as Detective Long went on down the road.

"Any news in regard to the murder, Rube?" he asked.

Rube shook his head.

"No, Steve, not so far," he replied. "But that man going down the road is a detective from Scotland Yard employed to discover the murderer."

"Is that so?" And Stephen Lawson looked with some interest at the dapper little man walking leisurely along the road. "What does he think about the murder? Does he think Sir Blair Hilary done it?"

"He didn't say," Reuben replied, a little grimly. "Detectives ain't given to expressing their opinions in that way. I hope he won't be long in finding the murderer."

"You seem pretty sure that Sir Blair Hilary didn't kill his cousin," remarked Stephen. He was a pale-faced young man with a narrow chest and rounded shoulders. Consumption ran in the Lawson family and Stephen had been growing thinner and paler and more stooped ever since Grace Giles had gone away. It was a well-known fact that he had been desperately in love with her.

"I am perfectly sure of it," declared Reuben, quietly.

"Sir Blair Hilary may not be what you and a great many seem to think," said Stephen. "For all you know he may deserve hanging."

Reuben looked up at the sickly face above him and Stephen's eyes fell under the gaze bent upon him.

"Stephen Lawson, you know Sir Blair never killed his cousin in that cowardly way," he said indignantly.

"I never said he killed him," murmured Stephen, half sullenly. "I only said that Sir Blair deserved hanging and I ain't going to take it back."

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," Reuben declared, more gently, remembering, as his eyes lingered on the haggard, pale face, that Stephen had loved Grace and that his ill health was due to his grief about her. "Of course, everybody don't feel like I do toward Sir Blair. I can't tell you Steve, how good he's been to me in this trouble of mine."

"But he advised you to give up looking for the man that took Grace away, didn't he?"

"He said something to that effect to me once; he said it would only make matters worse if I should kill that man, that I didn't want his blood on my soul."

"But you didn't take his advice, did you?"

"No, I couldn't do that."

"I suppose you ain't found out anything yet?"

Reuben shook his head gloomily.

"No, not yet, but I shall never give up till I have found him."

Stephen drove on and in a few minutes he had overtaken the detective.

"Wouldn't you like to ride, sir?" he asked, reining up his horses.

"Why, yes, if you are going my way," replied Long. "I am bound for Willow Lawn, Colonel Donnelly's place."

"I pass right by there," said Stephen.

"In that case I shall be glad of the lift," and Long climbed into the buggy.

"Rube Giles tells me you're a detective," Stephen remarked, after they had driven in silence for a few moments. "I suppose you're here to try and get at the truth of that there murder?"

"Yes, that's my object," replied Long. "Are you one of Sir Blair Hilary's tenants?"

"Not I," replied Stephen. "Sir Blair Hilary never had no say over me. My farm's my own; it belonged to my father before me."

"Well, from what I have learned, Sir Blair Hilary's the best of landlords," remarked the detective. "In fact he seems to be universally liked and respected."

"I ain't denying that," said Stephen, and Long glanced at him a little curiously. There was something in Stephen Lawson's manner that conveyed the impression that there was a man who, for some reason or other, did not like Sir Blair Hilary. This was so exceptional that Long felt interested. Then, as he studied Stephen for a moment or so, he thought to himself:

"The fellow has consumption and has grown moody and morbid. There are not many persons about here who believe that Sir Blair killed his cousin," he said. "What is your opinion?"

Stephen hesitated a moment or so before replying.

"Well, it looks as though he might have done it," he said, at length. "Don't you think there's enough evidence against him to hang him?"

"There's pretty strong evidence against him, but it's all circumstantial, there is no actual proof. By the way, there's one man that has unshaken belief in Sir Blair Hilary's innocence—Reuben Giles."

(Continued on page fourteen.)

"BOO-HOO"

Shouts a Spanked Baby.

A Doctor of Divinity, now Editor of a well-known Religious paper, has written regarding the controversy between Collier's Weekly and the Religious Press of the Country and others, including ourselves. Also regarding suits for libel brought by Collier's against us for commenting upon its methods.

These are the sentiments, with some very emphatic words left out:

"The Religious Press owes you a debt of gratitude for your courage in showing up Collier's Weekly as the 'Yell-Oh man.' Would you care to use the inclosed article on the 'Boo Hoo Baby' as the 'Yell-Oh Man's' successor?"

"A contemporary remarks that Collier's has finally run against a solid hickory 'Post' and been damaged in its own estimation to the tune of $750,000.00.

"Here is a publication which has, in utmost disregard of the facts, spread broadcast damaging statements about the Religious Press and others and has suffered those false statements to go uncontradicted, until, not satisfied after finding the Religious Press too quiet, and peaceful, to resent the insults, it makes the mistake of wandering into a fresh field and butts its rattled head against this Post and all the World laughs. Even Christians smile, as the Post suddenly turns and gives it back a dose of its own medicine.

"It is a mistake to say all the World laughs. No cheery laugh comes from Collier's, but it cries and boo hoos like a spanked baby and wants $750,000.00 to soothe its tender, lacerated feelings.

"Thank Heaven it has at last struck a man with 'back bone' enough to call a spade a 'spade' and who believes in telling the whole truth without fear or favor."

Perhaps Collier's with its "utmost disregard for the facts," may say no such letter exists. Nevertheless it on on file in our office and is only one of a mass of letters and other data, newspaper comments, etc., denouncing the "yellow" methods of Collier's. This volume is so large that a man could not well go through it under half a day's steady work. The letters come from various parts of America.

Usually a private controversy is not interesting to the public, but this is a public controversy.

Collier's has been using the "yellow" methods to attract attention to itself, but, jumping in the air, cracking heels together and yelling "Look at me," wouldn't suffice, so it started out on a "Holier Than Thou" attack on the Religious Press and on medicines.

We leave it to the public now, as we did when we first resented Collier's attacks, to say whether, in a craving for sensation and circulation, its attacks do not amount to a systematic mercenary hounding. We likewise leave it to the public to say whether Collier's, by its own policy and methods, has not made itself more ridiculous than any comment of ours could make it.,

Does Collier's expect to regain any self-inflicted loss of prestige by demonstrating through suits for damages, that it can be more artful in evading liability for libels than the humble, but resentful victims of its defamation, or does it hope by starting a campaign of libel suits to silence the popular indignation, reproach and resentment which it has aroused.

Collier's can not dodge this public controversy by private law suits. It can not postpone the public judgment against it. That great jury, the Public, will hardly blame us for not waiting until we get a petit jury in a court room, before denouncing this prodigal detractor of institutions founded and fostered either by individuals or by the public, itself.

No announcements during our entire business career were ever made claiming "medicinal effects" for either Postum or Grape-Nuts. Medicinal effects are results obtained from the use of medicines.

Thousands of visitors go through our works each month and see for themselves that Grape-Nuts contains absolutely nothing but wheat, barley and a little salt; Postum absolutely nothing but wheat and about ten per cent of New Orleans molasses. The art of preparing these simple elements in a scientific manner to obtain the best food value and flavour, required some work and experience to acquire.

Now, when any publication goes far enough out if its way to attack us because our advertising is "medical," it simply offers a remarkable exhibition of ignorance, or worse.

We do claim physiological or bodily results of favorable character following the adoption of our suggestions regarding the discontinuance of coffee and foods which may not be keeping the individual in good health. We have no advice to offer the perfectly healthful person. His or her health is evidence in itself that the beverages and foods used exactly fit that person. Therefore, why change?

But to the man or woman who is ailing, we have something to say as a result of an unusually wide experience in food and the result of proper feeding.

In the palpably ignorant attack on us in Collier's, appeared this statement,—"One widely circulated paragraph labors to induce the impression that Grape-Nuts will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying and potentially deadly lying."

In reply to this exhibition of ———well let the reader name it, the Postum Co., says:

Let it be understood that appendicitis results from long continued disturbance in the intestines, caused primarily by undigested food, such as white bread, potatoes, rice, partly cooked cereals and such.

Starchy food is not digested in the upper stomach, but passes on into the duodenum, or lower stomach and intestines, where, in a healthy individual, the transformation of the starch into a form of sugar is completed and then the food absorbed by the blood.

But if the powers of digestion are weakened, a part of the starchy food will lie in the warmth and moisture of the body and decay, generating gases and irritating the mucous surfaces until under such conditions the whole lower part of the alimentary canal, including the colon and the appendix, becomes involved. Disease sets up and at times takes the form known as appendicitis.

When the symptoms of the trouble make their appearance, would it not be good, practical, common sense, to discontinue the starchy food which is causing the trouble and take a food in which the starch has been transformed into a form of sugar in the process of manufacture?

This is identically the same form of sugar found in the human body after starch has been perfectly digested.

Now, human food is made up very largely of starch and is required by the body for energy and warmth. Naturally, therefore, its use should be continued, if possible, and for the reasons given above it is made possible in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts.

In connection with this change of food to bring relief from physical disturbances, we have suggested washing out the intestines to get rid of the immediate cause of the disturbance.

Naturally, there are cases where the disease has lain dormant and the abuse continued too long, until apparently only the knife will avail. But it is a well-established fact among the best physicians who are acquainted with the details above recited, that preventative measures are far and away the best.

Are we to be condemned for suggesting a way to prevent disease by following natural methods and for perfecting a food that contains no "medicine" and produces no "medicinal effects," but which has guided literally thousands of persons from sickness to health? We have received during the years past upwards of 25,000 letters from people who have been either helped or made entirely well by following our suggestions, and they are simple.

If coffee disagrees and causes any of the ailments common to some coffee users quit it and take on Postum.

If white bread, potatoes, rice and other starch foods make trouble, quit and use Grape-Nuts food which is largely predigested and will digest, nourish and strengthen, when other forms of food do not. It's just plain old common sense.

"There's a Reason" for Postum and Grape-Nuts.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

THEIR HAUNTING SECRETS.

BY LYDIA A. JOCELYN.

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CHAPTER X.

LOVE'S PLEADING.

"Must you go far away?" she whispered after a little. "It will break my heart to part with you, when I remember that I cannot see you, cannot hear your voice. Oh, Dick, I cannot bear it!"

"They are enlisting men for service on the frontier. Harney is fighting the Brule Sioux——"

"The Indians? Dreadful!"

"Yes, sweetheart. I cannot leave you for five long years except as my wife. I must have a husband's right to claim you when I return. No one must have the power to take you from me."

"But my mother will not consent. Your father will not allow you——" began Lucy.

"You are getting confused, little girl," smiled Dick. "My father cannot prevent my marriage. I am of legal age,—twenty-two, you know. It is only your mother who can actually forbid the marriage. Granted, my father will not consent, and as your mother will forbid, there is but one course to pursue. We must be wedded without their knowledge. When I return, you will be of legal age, and they cannot separate us."

"I am afraid some harm will come, should we disobey them—that is, just now," objected Lucy.

"As well now as at some future time. You are not prepared to give me up?"

"No. I'll never do that!"

"Then you must consent. I leave in one week. Tomorrow you must become my wife."

"But Mr. Marshall will not perform the ceremony. He would hold up his hands in holy horror."

"To be sure he would, and moreover he would feel it his Christian duty to inform the deacon, and your mother as well, but I shall not give him the opportunity."

"There is not a single minister who would not refuse, unless our parents, or at least, my mother would give her consent. There is no one except Elder Atkins," said Lucy, dubiously. "He has heart trouble and is away for his health, you know, but he would be as strict as Mr. Marshall."

"Of course, all these old ministers have long outlived their age of young love, and what they call romance, but I can secure the services of Wesley Atkins. He is my particular friend, and in full sympathy with us. There's only Wesley and the housekeeper at the parsonage. There's more of the soldier than the parson in Wesley's makeup. He is going as chaplain of the regiment in which I enlisted."

"If he is willing, has he the authority?"

"He has been duly ordained an elder, with as much authority to officiate as his father, so all the obstacles are removed, when I get your consent, little sweetheart," argued Dick. "You will consent. Think of the alternative. Besides, we have five years before we acknowledge our marriage, unless you should choose to do so. You are at liberty to prove your marriage at any moment."

He drew her to a seat by his side, kissing the lips that murmured her consent.

"God bless you, little girl. You have made me very happy. Tomorrow I will see Wesley and I am sure he will agree. At sunset you will see me standing upon the bridge, a token that all is well. At eleven o'clock I shall be waiting with my friend within the gristmill. At that hour there is no danger of discovery or interruption."

Every detail was settled, and Dick resumed the oars.

A loud shriek rang out, a shrill cry.

"Oh, dear, what is that?" whispered Lucy as she leaned forward and laid her hand upon her lover's arm.

"I will tell! I saw you," came the cry. "Let me go!"

The words came distinctly from a point near at hand, but upon the opposite side of a growth of willows jutting out a long line into the shallow water.

"I'll drown you first, you she-devil. I'll teach you to dog my steps and blab. Under you go!"

The harsh snarl was in Mark Kirby's voice. Both recognized it on the instant.

"Poor cousin! Poor Crazy Aggie, and Mark Kirby will drown her. Row for your life, Dick," pleaded Lucy.

He needed no second bidding. The little boat glided across a segment of moonlit water, turned the spur at a sharp angle, and there, upon a flat rock, almost at a level with the surface, crouched Mark Kirby, his right hand clutching the arm of a woman, or rather a mere girl.

Her head and shoulders were above water; her long black hair hung in dripping masses over her neck.

Fisher's rock jutted over a deep basin, a favorite haunt of the village boys with their hooks and lines.

So thoroughly engrossed was Mark that he took no heed of the approaching boat, gliding as silently as the shadows that partially screened it.

"I tell you, you crazy loon, you'll pay dear for the whistle! Guess you've got breath enough for another souse!" exclaimed the young villain, as he thrust the face of the struggling woman beneath the water, holding her with all his strength.

Her gurgling cry as she sank, mingled with his coarse laugh of derision, but the next instant the boat touched the rock, a strong hand grasped his collar, and he was hurled into the water.

His hold was loosened upon his victim, and her white face rose to the surface.

Dick grasped the trailing hair and drew her upon the rock, while Mark, floundering among the sharp rushes, soon gained the bank above, for the water outside the narrow basin was scarcely more than four feet deep, while within a diameter of twelve feet, where the unfortunate girl had been plunged, the depth was fully ten feet.

"I'll fix you for that, Dick Norman!" yelled Mark, furiously. "I've had enough fooling with that crazy loon. I found her just as she was trying to drown herself, and I thought I'd give her enough to scare her out o' that trick,—that's the whole business,—but I'll be even with you! Maybe Mrs. Westwood knows just where Lu is this present minute, and then again, maybe she don't, but I mistrust she'd give something to find out, and a fellow about my size will tell her, to pay for your interfering."

"You will do just what you please about telling, but you will pay dearly for this outrage. This attempted murder will place you in a rather tight place—likely to land you in Garland jail," replied Dick, as he chafed Aggie's cold hands.

She was lying so still and white that a great fear fell on the lovers lest they had been too late to save her life.

"Sa-a-ay!" called Mark from the top of the bank. "I'll tell you what 'tis, Dick. If you will keep shady, I will—if you don't, I'll blab the whole business. I was only trying to scare Aggie out of drowning herself. I didn't put her in the pond. She was a-flouncin' in the water when I got here."

"Even if that is so, and she had attempted suicide, your experiment might have ended in murder, and I warn you not to try it again. I give you the benefit of the doubt, and if the poor girl revives I will agree to be silent, provided you are the same, but if Aggie Gilmore dies you shall answer, whatever the cost to me. Now help me get her into the boat."

Mark was thoroughly frightened, and willingly assisted.

"All right, I'm mum," he whispered.

Dick rowed swiftly, while Mark made his way along the bank, and the moment the boat touched the shore, Lucy hastened homeward, leaving the twain to convey her unfortunate cousin to Hilltop.

CHAPTER XI.

A DIPLOMATIC MOTHER.

Up the steep hill, through the ivy-draped door of the east wing they carried their burden, and into a narrow hall, lighted only by a transom, and leading to a low-ceiled, wainscoted room.

Entering another narrow, gloomy hall, they made their way up a flight of stairs to an open garret, where bare, black rafters thickly festooned with cobwebs and nearly touching the heads of the bearers as they halted for breath beside the huge chimney, looming like a mis-shapen column in the center of the garret, and revealed by the long rays of moonlight shimmering through the dusty windows at the gable.

There was the sound of a stealthy step upon the creaking stairs, the glimmer of a light, and, lamp in hand, Mrs. Kirby appeared at the upper landing.

Without a question she opened the door upon the right, the entrance to a small chamber partitioned from the open garret, and directly under the eaves, as the sloping ceiling denoted.

A single window, crossed by stout iron bars, admitted the tiny flecks of moonlight dancing upon the floor as it sifted between the interstices of the matted woodbine twining tender fingers around the rusty iron as though to hide the unsightly proportions.

A narrow couch in the corner of the room, a heavy table and a chair made up the furniture.

Mrs. Kirby looked questioningly in her son's face, her blanched lips and trembling hands betraying the deadly fear that was tugging at her heart, her faltering tongue barely framing the words:

"Is she dead?"

Mark was pressing his hand over the heart as if to detect a slight flutter, and as Dick turned his head, the young Nero withdrew his hand, and thrust it within his coat pocket.

As if aroused by the touch, the maniac's eyes flared open suddenly, wild, fierce orbs with a world of hate and fear in their sombre wells, living, burning eyes in a dead face.

Her long, black hair hung in sodden masses across the pillow, half veiling her elfish features.

Mark made no reply. It was Dick Norman who answered the question.

"I found this unfortunate girl with your son, at Fisher's Rock. He was holding her under water, and her screams as she sank attracted my attention. I was barely in time to prevent a murder being done."

"He told me to do it!" gurgled the maniac.

"Oh, you croak!" growled Mark, under his breath. "Shut up or I'll make you suffer."

"For the sake of the friends of your family—and—and from other considerations I have decided to keep Mark's share in the business a secret, but I warn you if harm comes to the poor girl through you or your son, I shall not hold my peace concerning this night's work," Dick said, turning to Mrs. Kirby.

"She was trying to drown herself, and I was trying an experiment, that's all. I wanted to scare her out of it," Mark declared doggedly. "No use making a mountain out of a mole-hill."

Mrs. Kirby took her cue on the instant.

"It was a foolish idea my son had of subduing Aggie. He believed that if she could have a specimen of what the reality is, it would effectually cure her of her mania. This is her third attempt. How she eluded our vigilance tonight I can't imagine. She became so violent that we were obliged to remove her from her room in the east wing. It is very hard to be obliged to resort to harsh measures, and close confinement, but in her case it is imperative at times."

"Certainly, if she becomes unmanagable," assented Dick.

Mrs. Kirby heaved a deep sigh.

"It runs in the blood. Aggie's maternal grandmother, as you have heard, doubtless, died insane. Lucy Westwood will at some time be as—as Aggie is now. They are cousins, you recollect. On the hill beyond the churchyard within a few feet of the Ward homestead, still stands the little structure of a single room, with iron-barred windows, that for long years was the prison of the unfortunate wife of Colonel Ward, the grandfather of Aggie and Lucy."

"I know that, but Aggie was made what she is by losing a lover, so I am told," returned Dick, for notwithstanding the sympathetic tone of the speaker, he felt that the allusion to Lucy and her family veiled a sneer.

"Perhaps," answered Mrs. Kirby, in the plaintive tone she affected.

"Neither Mrs. Gilmore or Mrs. Westwood have shown any symptom of insanity, and it is not certain that any other member of the family has been afflicted," declared Dick.

"Mrs. Gilmore is ailing. She has not been aroused, and I do not wish her to be disturbed. It is better to keep the knowledge from her. I must ask that you will not mention the affair, and I am sure I can confide in your honor."

"I certainly shall not speak of it unless, as I have said, some further abuse of the poor girl comes to light. In that case I shall not nesitate to testify against Mark."

"And I assure you that Mark will never repeat the experiment, and allow me to thank you for your promise and your courtesy, and for your timely assistance and very fortunate interference," returned Mrs. Kirby, blandly. "Mark is so impulsive. Poor boy, he is always doing something with the purest motives that turn out to his disadvantage. But I am careless. I must change this poor girl's wet clothing. Mark, please take Dick to the sittingroom and presently I will have a treat of cake and fruit."

Dick followed Mark, but not to the sittingroom. Bidding the youth a curt good-night he hurried away, happy to be free from the atmosphere of deceit and treachery.

As he passed Millrock Cottage, a fragment of conversation was distinctly audible from within the open window.

"It was a close shot, Captain Standish, but I cannot imagine who could have fired it. You barely escaped with your life."

Mrs. Alden was the speaker.

"I caught sight of the figure as it vanished through the door of the old mill. I fancied it might be a woman, but that appears improbable," returned a masculine voice.

"It is possible that it might have been Crazy Aggie—insane people take fancies," returned Mrs. Alden.

"It might have been Aggie, but they usually keep her locked in her room after sunset," said Fannie Alden. "You had only a glimpse and are not sure whether it was a woman or a man."

"Just a dissolving view," returned the captain.

Dick had stopped short in his tracks. The conversation was of much interest to him, and he was not enough of a hero to resist the impulse.

Captain Standish was sitting under the full rays of the lamp and Dick saw him plainly.

"Lucy spoke of company at Millrock Cottage. It seems that she was right. The pistol shot was fired here and with the soldier as a target. I think he is safe enough now. I can prove nothing, and it is not quite prudent for me to agitate the affair," and thus settling the matter in his own mind, he went on his way homeward.

CHAPTER XII.

A MIDNIGHT BRIDAL.

From the garret window at Edgemere farmhouse the bridge was visible, and just as the sun was sinking below a black bar in the west, Lucy, kneeling beside the open casement, saw the manly figure of her lover as he paced backward and forward across the rough boards, the signal that claimed her promise.

As evening fell the clouds gathered blackly.

"We are going to have a storm tonight; be sure you close your windows at once," was Mrs. Westwood's injunction, when, at an early hour, her daughter kissed her good-night, pleading a headache.

Lucy retired at once, but not to sleep. At midnight she must meet her lover, and the headache was very real.

Hour after hour she lay upon her couch, listening to the dreary patter of the rain against the window panes, and the soughing of the wind outside.

Eleven quick, sharp strokes from the grandfather's clock standing in the kitchen sounded out preternaturally loud, and half fearing that it might arouse her mother or Moses Strong, the hired man, she waited, her heart throbs quickening, but finally subsiding to a regular beat when not a sound disturbed the silence. The sleepers were too long accustomed to the striking of the old clock to heed it, and creeping softly from her bed Lucy began to dress.

"It is a bad sign to be married in the rain or in black, so Aunt Huldah would say," she mused, "but I can't order the weather nor get another gown without waking mother, so I'll have to risk the signs, but I must keep it from the wet or mother will find me out. I'll wear the old camlet cloak."

A voluminous garment of ancient pattern once worn by her unfortunate grandmother was hanging quite at the extremity of the closet in her room, and she drew it from its hiding place, threw it over her shoulders, and drew the ample hood over her head. Thus attired she drew gum shoes over her slippers, cautiously opened the door leading to the kitchen, and listened.

Her mother's room was at the other extremity of the kitchen, the door was partially open, and Lucy heard her loud breathing, regular and constant.

Closing the door of her own room she raised the sash and again waited. There was not a sound save the soft patter of the rain upon the turf outside and the fitful moaning of the wind, as she stepped out and drew down the sash.

Across the orchard she sped with swift steps, and followed the long line of fencing separating the highway from the field until she came upon the bars close beside the bridge.

Across the highway, and at a few rods distant the old mill loomed up blackly, reminding the trembling girl of a haunt of ghosts.

Was Dick in waiting? She could not tell, and summoning all her fast failing courage, she let down a single bar, crept through and darted across the space.

She halted beside the grim wall of the mill, but here her courage failed. She dare not enter.

"Lucy."

A whispered word, and from the blackness Dick came forward and drew her within the sheltering wall.

Picking has way carefully, Dick guided her steps across the mildewed carpet of sawdust and decaying shingles that had fallen from the crumbling roof, until they reached the head of the stairs leading downward to the gristmill. Here the flooring above was almost entire, the place was dry, and upon a projection of wall separating the compartment from the wheel-pit, a lantern stood, the faint beams of the candle within, sifting through the slits in the tin casing, sprinkling the mildewed walls and black beams with a ghostly glimmer.

As the lovers gained the lower floor, a figure rose from a seat beside the ancient hopper. The three standing there [illegible] have been taken for a trio of brigands.

Both men were buttoned in gum coats with hats drawn low over their brows, while Lucy was a grotesque figure hidden in the ample folds of the ancient camlet, her black eyes peeping from beneath the shrouding hood, her face, even to the pretty nose, hidden.

The young minister extended his hand and murmured a greeting to the bride.

"I will not keep you waiting, but proceed with the ceremony," he said, "p[illegible] join your right hands."

In almost a whisper he repeated the marriage service, the responses were made [illegible] the same murmur, the ceremony was [illegible] cluded, and the bride and groom knelt [illegible] side the youthful minister, while [illegible] prayer he invoked the blessing of God upon the wedded pair.

The certificate of marriage was already

"Boo Hoo!"

Shouts the

Spanked Baby

The "Colic" of "Collier's" treated by a Doctor of Divinity.

Look for the "Boo Hoo" article in this paper.

"There's a Reason."

prepared, and by the faint rays of the lantern he affixed his signature.

"WESLEY ATKINS."

Dick removed the bit of candle from the ancient lantern that was the property of the owners of the mill, hung it upon the wooden peg from which he had taken it, and with a clasp of hands, Wesley Atkins left the building by way of the low door, while the husband and wife groped their way through the sawmill and out upon the highway.

"I shall not leave you until you are safely in your own chamber," Dick whispered softly, as he lifted his bride in his arms and set her upon the opposite side of the low bars.

Half carrying her light form, the young husband hurried across the field, and through the orchard. Just as the clock was chiming one, the two stood within Lucy's own little room.

He had left his outer garment beneath the window that no trace of the rain might be left upon the bright red carpet. The camlet cloak was hidden within the recesses of the broad closet, and Lucy stood beside him in her funeral attire, black from head to foot.

He could not repress a feeling of dismay that the bride was attired in a robe far more befitting a widow, but he wisely refrained from remark.

Swiftly the moments flew, while, all unheeding the storm without, the wedded lovers talked of the past, the present, but most of the future, weaving a bright romance of the time when Dick should return to claim the bride he had won.

"I am sure father will relent when he knows," Dick said, hopefully, "and I am certain that your mother will forgive us. She is not cursed with Mrs. Gilmore's stubborn will, and she has an example in poor Aggie's fate that will not go unheeded. Not that I think for a moment that you are likely to—to——"

"Become insane," Lucy said, finishing the sentence. "I have heard mother say that Aunt Eunice would give every penny she possesses to restore Aggie, but it is too late. She would only too gladly consent to her marriage with Grant Judson."

"Grant is a fine fellow, and worthy of any woman's love, but he is likely to remain a bachelor," returned Dick.

"It's a pity, for he has neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. His old aunt is his only remaining relative," said Lucy.

Neither guessed how closely the fortunes of Grant Judson would be interwoven with their own.

The shrill crow of a chanticleer from his perch warned the lovers that dawn was at hand, and with a clinging embrace and a shower of kisses, Dick stepped through the window just as the heavy step of Moses Strong sounded upon the stairs.

The rain had ceased, and taking his way across the fields, the young husband succeeded in reaching his own chamber, undetected.

Contrary to Dick's expectation, his father had made no objection to his enlistment, and when the deacon's maiden sister made protest, she learned the secret of her brother's consent.

"No use to fret over the affair, Emily. Five years' absence will cure him of his infatuation for that minx, and it will make a man of him. If I can stand it you surely ought to. Ain't I his father?"

"And ain't I his aunt, and haven't I filled a mother's place to him since he was five years old, ever since Mary died, sixteen long years ago? And I love him as well as if he had been my own son," returned Emily. "I've lived a life of single-blessedness for his sake and yours, Lemuel."

"Better spare him for five years than lose him entirely. If he should marry that Westwood girl, I'd cut him off without a dollar. Yes, I'd disown him.'

"You couldn't be so cruel, Lemuel. You think so, but he is your only son, and he has always been a good boy."

"[illegible] I don't deny that. But I'd never consent to have Sophronia Westwood's daughter marry my son. Dick has enlisted, and that's all there is to it. There's no use in you and I having words about it."

The concluding sentence was the deacon's way of closing an argument, a most disagreeable way in many instances, and with a sigh, Miss Emily returned to her household duties.

Little they dreamed that even then Dick was bound by ties that naught but death could sever.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LOST TREASURE.

[illegible] night had folded Willow Pond in [illegible] silver-edged mantle when Lucy Norman [illegible] her couch to keep the last tryst [illegible] her lover-husband, for ere the sun would again set he, with Wesley Atkins, would be far on his way toward the frontier post, Fort Leavenworth.

Both were seated in the little boat, but the oars floated idly, for Dick's arm encircled his bride; her head rested upon his broad shoulder.

"You can acknowledge our marriage at any moment you choose," he whispered. "You have the means of proving it without question. Wesley has recorded it upon the old church register."

"Is there no danger that some one may discover the record and betray the secret before we are ready?"

"Not the slightest. The old man is nearly blind, and he is not likely to officiate at a wedding at any time. Besides the record is the very last on a page, and cramped, as Wesley intended it to be. There's no possible chance of discovery. I have brought the certificate with me; you must take charge of it."

He drew a folded paper from his pocket, and placed it in her hand.

"I have never seen a marriage certificate. What is it like?" asked Lucy, as she unfolded the satin-smooth paper.

Her fingers trembled, loosed their hold and the precious document was lifted by a puff of wind and fluttered far out upon the water.

The boat was near the shore and Dick grasped the oars just as a dark body rose in a half-circle from the shelving bank and parted the waters with a splash, leaving a silvery shower of diamond-points, flecking the ruffled surface.

"Rollo, it is Mark Kirby's Rollo, and he has the paper in his mouth. He will carry it to his master and our secret is out!" cried Lucy in dismay.

"Stay in the boat and I will follow the dog and secure the paper," answered Dick as he pulled half a dozen strokes that brought him to shore.

As he followed the animal up the steep bank he heard a sharp, short bark in the direction of Hilltop, and thither he ran, panting with exertion when he stood upon the steps beneath the old butternut tree overshadowing the front door.

A faint light struggled from beneath the blind, and Rollo's low growl, mingling with the clang of the brass knocker, told that the dog had been admitted.

"Down Rollo! Who's there?" called Mrs. Kirby.

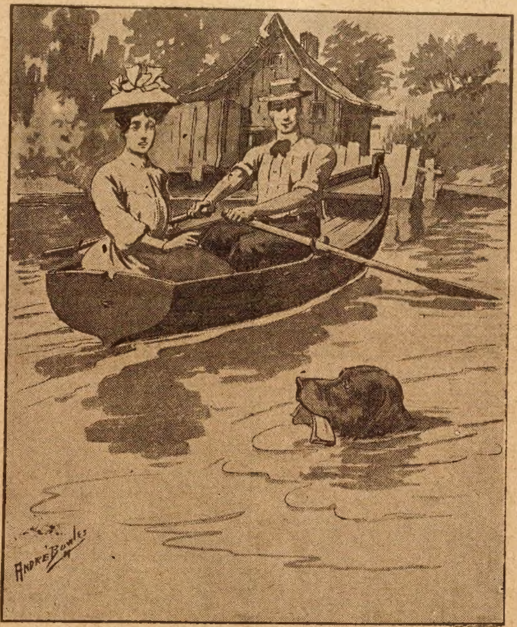
"It is I—Dick Norman."

The door was promptly opened and Mrs. Kirby stood within the hall, lamp in hand.

"Mercy on us! What is the matter? Is any one ill at the deacon's?"

"Oh, no. A most awkward blunder on my part brought me here. I have been up to the head of the pond and had the misfortune to drop a paper. The wind carried it near the bank, and your spaniel swam out and took it away. There was nothing to do but to follow him, knowing that he would be sure to bring it to you, as I know him to be very sagacious."

"Y-e-s—Rollo is very intelligent. Mark thinks the world of him. He fairly dotes on Rollo. I am sometimes half jealous of his affection for his canine pet," replied Mrs. Kirby, with an affection of playfulness.



"It is Mark Kirby's Rollo, and he has the paper."

"Did he bring a paper?" interrupted Dick, rather impatiently.

"I have seen nothing of a paper. What kind of a paper was it?" she asked.

"A single folded sheet, merely a bond, of no consequence to any one except myself," answered Dick, hesitatingly.

"I have seen nothing of the kind. Probably Rollo dropped it on his race home. If I find it I will send it to you without fail."

Dick was not half satisfied, but he could do nothing except hasten back to Lucy who, he knew, was anxiously awaiting his return.

Much he feared that the certificate would fall into the hands of some person who would be sure to tell the secret, yet he strove to comfort Lucy, whose tears fell fast.

"Rollo never loses anything confided to his care. He was sure to take the paper home," she declared, positively.

"But this paper he stole—Mrs. Kirby declares she has seen nothing of it."

"Which proves that she has. What can we do?"

"I will search for it again. No, you must not go, I shall be unnoticed, if any spy is about."

Every foot of the ground in the path Rollo had taken was examined, but Dick's search proved fruitless.

"I will look for it in the morning," Lucy said, sorrowfully. "I shall be watched after you are gone."

Another half hour the young couple lingered, and then came the final parting.

The moon, in her path across the clear violet dome, looked down upon sad, tear-stained faces that calm summer night.

Aunt Emily was standing within the gate when Dick reached his home, just as she had often waited in his childhood days, and his conscience smote him. His heart lay heavy within his bosom, and for a moment he was tempted to take the loving woman, who had been to him a mother, into his confidence.

"No, I have no right to burden her with the secret. It can do no good," he thought, and so another link in the chain of fate was forged.

"Waiting for me, auntie?" he asked. "I have been bidding good-by to my old friends, and I remained away longer than I intended."

"Your father is ready for family prayer and is getting fidgety."

As he had been accustomed from childhood, he knelt beside Miss Emily while the deacon offered a fervent prayer for the safety of the son so soon to leave home and friends.

His eyes were filled with unshed tears, and in the after time, during many a wakeful night, on guard or in the tented field, his father's voice would come back just as he heard it that hour, and his aunt's tender, loving smile would beam on him in his dreams, and bitterly would he regret that he had not revealed the secret that weighed so heavily.

The family bade each other good-night at an early hour, but long after Dick had retired he lay musing upon the events of the past two days, and of the under current that was destined to rise to the surface.

Ere the sun had been an hour in the heavens, Dick Norman, accompanied by Wesley Atkins, left the village by the morning stage on their way to the frontier post.

Scarcely had the news been freely circulated than tidings of a more startling import reached the village. The church and parsonage at Deep Pond lay a heap of charred ruins, and only the smouldering brands remained.

Fortunately, Jane Morse, the housekeeper, had taken up her abode with a neighbor, the morning following Wesley's departure.

CHAPTER XIV.

BARTER AND SALE.

Mrs. Gilmore never for a moment, forgot that in the event of Aggie's death and failing heirs, the estate must fall to Lucy Westwood, and the fierce nature of the woman rose in rebellion.

Aggie, maniac, though she was, must marry. Her reason might return, and Mrs. Gilmore's pet ambition yet be realized. An heir might be given to inherit the wealth she had determined should never be claimed by Sophronia Westwood's daughter. On this point she was a monomaniac.

Few men would be willing to embitter a life by a union with a mad woman. Mrs. Gilmore had once offered to settle one half of her own fortune, left by her husband and of which she was the undisputed possessor, but the poor young law student to whom the offer was made, had unhesitatingly declined the alliance.

Mrs. Kirby was a scheming woman, her finances were at a low ebb, and an idea had entered her fertile brain.

Why should not Mark become Aggie's husband. The Kirby farm was deeply mortgaged, money must be had to clear off the debt, and here was her opportunity.

She cautiously broached the subject to Mrs. Gilmore, in whom she found a willing coadjutor.

Mark demurred, declaring that he would not be tied to a crazy loon, but the advantage to be derived from gold-lined pockets finally brought him to his mother's views, and Mark consented to her plan.

"If she cuts up rusty I'll be the death of her. I'll give her a ducking that will last her," he growled.

Mother and son were standing beside an open window, and a step crunched upon the doorstep, where Hollis Bixby was standing with a parcel in his hand.

"I was coming this way and I brought a letter from the office," he explained, and without tarrying for thanks he walked away, but there was a gleam in his eye as he looked curiously at Mark that did not escape Mrs. Kirby's notice.

"My son, you have made a speech that would tell against you in case anything should happen to poor Aggie after your marriage, that is, if she should injure herself it might bring you under suspicion."

"I haven't said anything that I wouldn't be willing for anybody to hear," answered Mark, recklessly.

"But you know Hollis Bixby is a regular newsmonger," persisted Mrs. Kirby, uneasily.

"What of that? Ag has as many lives as a cat. There's no such luck as to have her die for fifty years to come; such truck is hard to get rid of on any terms—but when is the affair to come off, and who in thunder can you get to tie the knot? I don't believe there's a parson in town that could be hired to do it. If I've got to take her for her money, the quicker I can handle the cash the better. I want to have my fling before I'm gray."

"I am pleased to find you so reasonable. I will attend to the matter at once and make all necessary arrangements," returned Mrs. Kirby as she went away in search of Mrs. Gilmore, to whom she announced Mark's decision.

"There must be a minister, and also a physician to testify that Aggie is sane enough to become a wife," remarked Mrs. Gilmore.

"I have thought of all that," returned Mrs. Kirby. "There's Doctor Rudd; he will do anything for a fee. He will give a certificate of her sanity. His son, Titus, is a magistrate and he won't hesitate to marry them. The doctor will act as a witness. With a marriage fee of sufficient magnitude as a salve to his sensitive conscience; and a fat bonus to his son, we can depend upon both. After the work is done they are compromised and will swear black is white, if so advised."

"Every man has his price," agreed Mrs. Gilmore. "Make the arrangements necessary. I think I will take an hour's nap. We can have the wedding after the evening meeting tonight, I suppose."

Mrs. Gilmore went away to her own room.

There was a cruel smile on Mrs. Kirby's lips, and her pale eyes had a cunning gleam as she seated herself and penned an epistle which was addressed:

"Anthony Rudd, M. D."

This letter, carefully worded, brought the doctor and his son to Hilltop early in the afternoon, and while the interview was in progress between Mrs. Kirby and the two, who, for the sake of politeness, were denominated "gentlemen," Mark was lounging in the hammock, suspended beneath the stout limbs of the old butternut tree from which he could observe all that was going on at Millrock Cottage, and as he vibrated backward and forward, he mused upon his prospects.

He had a habit of muttering his thoughts, which he termed "talking to a man of sense," and the appearance of Captain Standish followed by Doctor Lisle provoked a monologue.

"There, now, just as I might expect! There comes Standish now and Lisle at his heels. Whew-w-w-w! Here's a pretty kettle o' fish. I mistrust Standish'll win, and I could wring his neck if he does. I owe him for that whipping, curse him, and I'll pay it off some day."

Harold Standish entered the house, and presently appeared seated beside Fannie at the open window, while the facade of Doctor Lisle's canary-colored vest was just visible at a little distance.

"There's a pretty go! What's a fellow to do when he's so thunderingly badgered by a woman such as my mother is, and that old catamaran of a Gilmore, and me needing money as I do? It's all-fired mean, though, to be obliged to marry a bug-house truck. Ag looks ten years older than she is, then there's t'other one who shall be nameless. If I can't have her I don't know as it makes much difference who gets her. I guess Fan's a goner so far as Lisle is concerned.

"I wish to God Ag was at the bottom of the millpond. It's enough to set a fellow raving to see them a spooning, and especially a chap like me that's dead in love with another girl and has got to be married whether or no; but 'needs must when the devil drives.'

"I shall get married tonight and sink Ag in the pond some day, as sure as my name's Mark Kirby.

"The old woman is right. We need the money and must have it or get turned out of Hilltop neck and crop by the sheriff; that's a stump there's no getting 'round. I'll take Ag and run the risk of getting hung for wife murder one of these days."

Mark ground the last sentence through his thick lips, in such a savage snarl that Ellen Shore, the housemaid, peeping through the lattice of an ancient summer-house, within a few feet, nearly let fall the apron of eggs she had taken so much pains to find, by prying up a board in the flooring to reach the spot where three of the best hens had stolen their nests.

The clustering grape vines draping the lattice completely screened her from Mark's view.

With cautious steps she left the place by that door that, fortunately for her, was upon the opposite side, and hurried to the wash-shed where Aunt Sally Higgins was bending over a tub of colored clothes in the last rinsing water.

"I can't make out head nor tail to it," whispered Ellen, mysteriously.

Aunt Sally looked up over her spectacles, inquiringly.

"Land sake, Ellen, what's put you in such a pucker? You whisper as if there was some Guy Fawkes plan tew blow up the Parlormint house. Is anybody killed, or goin' tew be?"

"That's just exactly it," assented Ellen.

"Good lack-a-day! How did you find out

(Continued on page eleven.)

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It is more blessed to give than it is to regret.

A man's outcome usually depends upon his income.

It is more difficult to keep money than it is to make it.

By switching the truth a train of lies is soon made up.

Just so it is pie the small boy doesn't care what kind it is.

Too much credit is more dangerous than too much money.

Now the football eleven will soon be ready to make a ten-strike.

Many a man is prematurely gray because of his wife's red hair.

It isn't a difficult task for a hoopsnake to make both ends meet.

A man must suffer before he can sympathize with other sufferers.

A man's head is his top—therefore he has no cause for alarm when it spins.

And a girl whose face is her fortune is seldom able to support a husband.

Even when a man pays cash for an electric battery he wants it charged.

Singers are the only people who are anxious to hold a note for a long time.

According to the eternal fitness of things a duck of a girl should marry a quack doctor.

When compared with the patience of a mother all other brands of patience are counterfeit.

A girl seldom begins to take life seriously until she has been up against one case of unrequited love.

Usually a man who boasts of his bravery hasn't got nerve enough to push a sitting hen off her nest.

A poor but otherwise strictly honest man says that the worst thing about riches is not having any.

Variety must be the spice of life, otherwise young ladies wouldn't be so anxious to change their names.

A good many people think they have done their duty by a friend in trouble when they tell him not to worry.

With plenty of love for the wife and plenty of well-prepared food for the husband there would be fewer divorces.

Our idea of real genius is a man who can keep right on making his wife believe that he loves her when he knows he doesn't.

It's a deplorable fact that the average man spends too much time trying to acquire money and too little trying to acquire happiness.

In order to size up the average man correctly, get his estimate of himself and knock off 50 per cent.

By
GEORGE WEYMOUTH.

WHEN I WAS DEAD;

Or, THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE DAY OF MY TRIAL.

Everybody in Berrysburg knew everything that happened. The place was so small, and the people were so amiably willing to tell and to listen to every little bit of news, that there was no need of a daily paper.

Everybody knew that Miss Talifero's tramp printer, who now "looked so much like a gentleman," had burned the little cabin in the lane, and that Colonel Marshall had had him arrested.

Everybody knew that the printer was out on bail signed by C. K. Carroll—"though why Carroll should risk five hundred dollars so foolishly" none of them could understand. Everybody knew that the preliminary trial was set for that Monday morning, and that Hugh Poindexter was there to prosecute.

And everybody knew by breakfast time that the printer had run away, and everybody said "I told you so."

Ed McCleary, who kept the hotel, held a regular reception in his office that morning. He sold more cigars than he usually sold in a month, and made himself hoarse telling how it happened.

"He just walked out yesterday afternoon, and when I saw him going down the road, I says to myself, 'there goes Carroll's five hundred—he'll never come back.' And I was right. He just walked away and never came back."

"Owed you a board bill, too, I reckon?"

"No, sir, he didn't owe me a board bill—and if he did I wouldn't lose anything, for Miss Barbara stood good for him."

At 10 o'clock the justice convened court in the courtroom, so as to accommodate the crowd that gathered. It was to be a mere formality, of course—I wasn't in town, and all they could do was to forfeit my bail bond.

John Smith, tramp and incendiary, had run away, it seemed, and nobody was surprised.

"Court will come to order," said the justice.

"State against John Smith, arson—are you ready for trial?"

"The State is ready," said Poindexter, smiling.

"Call the defendant, Mr. Sheriff."

Spence went to the window and bawled out:

"John Smith, John Smith, John Smith—come in to court."

Then I opened the door and crawled in—on my hands and knees.

If the stage had been set for the sensation, it could not have been more dramatic or complete.

I was haggard and dusty, my wrists were bleeding and still bound with the ropes, and my feet were hobbled.

I caught hold of a chair and drew myself up and looked about the courtroom grimly, defiantly.

"John Smith is here, ready to stand his trial," I said.

For perhaps a minute there was complete silence in the courtroom, then there was the burst of applause, clapping of hands, questions, hurrahs, exclamations.

Somebody cut the ropes that bound me, somebody else brought me a drink of water, and Ed McCleary himself hurried across the way to the hotel to get me a cup of hot coffee.

"Perhaps we had better adjourn the hearing until after noon," said the justice, "on account of the defendant's condition."

"No, I am ready for trial, now," I said, loud enough that all might hear.

"The trial will not take long," added my attorney. "I understand from Colonel Marshall that there was a mistake in the matter in the first place. He has discovered that Mr. Smith is entirely innocent and wishes to have the case dismissed."

The astonishment that this announcement created showed even in the faces of the court and the prosecuting attorney, and I knew that my uncle had planned the surprise.

"Colonel Marshall would like to make a statement," added the lawyer, "if the court will permit and the State's Attorney has no objection."

"Go ahead," said Hugh Poindexter, with a slight sneer on his fair, handsome face. "The defendant has planned his entry well, and this seems to be a very informal examination."

"Go ahead, Colonel," said the court.

My Uncle Brentwood arose and glanced around the room good naturedly.

"Neighbors," he said, "you all know me, and I believe you all known that I want to do the fair and honorable thing. When I believed the defendant was guilty I thought it my duty to bring him to trial. But soon afterward I learned from a sure source that he was not guilty. I decided to set the matter right at once, but upon thinking it over it seemed to me, since I had subjected Mr Smith to the public humiliation of arrest and arraignment, it would be only fair to make the acknowledgment of my mistake in public."

"You're right, Colonel," "that's the thing," and "yes, yes," were some audible murmurs that greeted the speaker as he made a slight pause.

"That is all," he continued, "except that I desire to extend to Mr. Smith a public apology. I hope he will forgive me for the wrong he has received. And I desire to say further, that I will give him my hand in token of my regard, and if he is willing to call Brentwood Marshall his friend, I shall esteem it an honor."

Then he walked over to where I stood and held out his hand. I took it without a word. I was unable to speak.

"Do you wish to have Colonel Marshall sworn?" asked the justice.

"No, your Honor, the State is willing to dismiss the case as it stands," said Hugh Poindexter, with his dry smile that was more than half a sneer.

"Defendant is discharged from custody," said the court.

Then he turned to me.

"This court has a great curiosity to learn what has happened to Mr. Smith that caused him to come so near forfeiting his bond, and I think I see that curiosity reflected in the faces about me. Will Mr. Smith be good enough to tell his story?"

I was willing enough to explain, for I felt that it would set me right with the people of Berrysburg if I told the whole story.

I told them how I had gone to Crystal Gorge, and of how Binks had surprised me in the little cave, and tied me hand and foot.

"When the poor mad fellow left me," I said, "and darkness fell, I tried every way to get loose, but I could not, and at last I fell asleep.

"When I awoke, the sun was shining into the cave, and I crawled outside. I thought I could cut the rope on the edge of a sharp stone, but I soon found this impossible. It is the hardest rope I ever saw and Binks tied and knotted it most securely.

"I called for help until I was hoarse, but nobody heard me, and I thought if I could get out of the gorge perhaps I could find help. That was the hardest part of the journey, and it must have taken me an hour to reach the level ground.

"Here I rested again and called for help, but nobody came. I could not get at my watch, but I judged it was 7 o'clock. I had only three hours to get back to town before the time set for my trial.

"I discovered that by standing on my feet I could hop along very well over the level ground, and I made my way toward a little house in the edge of a stubblefield."

"Billy Mason's," somebody suggested.

"But there was nobody at home there," I went on, "and time was pressing. I made my way through the stubble field over a fence into the corn—I must have made an amusing spectacle, climbing that fence, if any one had been there to see.

"My journey through the cornfield was comparatively easy. When I got tired of hopping along like a hobbled horse, I laid down and rolled for a while until I was rested. Then I hopped again.

"At the edge of the cornfield I was not more than a half mile from town and the going was easy, if somewhat slow.

"I kept expecting to meet somebody who could release me, but for some curious reason I never saw a soul. It would seem that most of the grown people are here to give me a welcome——" I smiled at the interested faces around me—"and I suppose the children are all in school, as this is the first day of the term. At any rate I met nobody.

"My shortest way lay across the vacant space back of the courthouse, and I came jumping along like a kangaroo. The first house I came to was the sheriff's just back of the jail, and when I hobbled up to the door I heard a woman scream and the door was locked."

"I reckon 'Manda was scared half to death," said the sheriff, chuckling.

"Then I heard a clock strike ten," I went on, "and I decided to waste no more time. I was in the corridor below when the sheriff called my name. I could not jump upstairs, so I crawled up on my hands and knees.

"And here I am, glad to be back in time, with many thanks to you all for your interest."

A hundred people came and shook my hand and murmured words of sympathy, and the crowd gradually cleared away.

Only my uncle, and Poindexter, and Barbara were left to keep me company—two friends and an enemy.

"Well, my boy, you sure are having a lot of adventures," said Uncle Brentwood, shaking my hand again. "But never mind. Your luck will turn."

"I knew something had happened to you," said Barbara quietly. "I want you to be sure that I never lost faith in you for a minute. I didn't think you had run away."

"Thank you," I said, pressing her hand tenderly. "I told you I would be here if I was living, but I came near not making it."

"You have made yourself quite a hero, haven't you—Mr.—ah—Smith?" sneered Hugh Poindexter, indolently leaning against the railing that surrounded the jury box. "I congratulate you."

"Thank you," I said coldly, and then I turned and went out with my uncle, leaving the others to follow.

"Hugh still holds a grudge against you," said my uncle thougatfully as we made our way downstairs.

"There is some instinctive antagonism between us," I said.

"Nonsense."

"I felt it when I first saw him."

"Oh, you were at outs with all the world that morning," he said. "It was the effect of those ragged clothes. A man who suddenly becomes a tramp is not in a pleasant frame of mind, I imagine."

"You can be sure of it," I laughed.

"I have been wondering if this is not a good time to confess your identity," my uncle said, gravely. "Public sentiment is with you now. You would not be admitted to bail, of course, but court convenes next week, and you could have your trial then."

"You have been to Mountain Springs since I saw you?"

"Yes," he said.

"And what did you learn?"

"Enough to convince me that you are innocent, even if I had any doubts about the matter. But perhaps it is not legal evidence. I think we would better take Judge Walker into our confidence and be advised by him."

"I am in your hands, uncle."

"Then we will get Congressman Jamieson over from Springfield," he added. "He is the best criminal lawyer in the State. With Walker to help him, and with my influence with the jury it will be hard if I cannot get you clear."

"To be acquitted is not enough," I said sadly. "My innocence must be proven beyond a doubt, uncle. My life's happiness depends upon it."

"Oh," he said, "oh." He looked at me in keen sympathy. "I think I understand. God bless you, my boy. She is the best as well as the most charming girl in the world. But—I'm afraid——"

"Afraid of what, uncle?"

"I am afraid you are too late. There never has been a public announcement of the fact, but it is generally understood that she is engaged."

"To Hugh Poindexter?" I asked.

"Yes, that is the rumor. But there may be nothing in it. If you can clear yourself—in time—you may yet win the prize. Don't give up hope."

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We had reached the hotel, now, and passed through the office to go on up to my room.

My mind was so engrossed with our conversation that I paid no attention to the men who were standing over by the clerk's desk.

And yet—the one man of all the men in the world who most threatened me was standing there by McCleary's side.

Black was there, signing the hotel register—Black, the gambler, the cheat, the alleged gentleman, who was ready to swear my life away to save himself, was there and he saw me.

And I made my way upstairs to my room to dress and shave, utterly unconscious and unsuspecting.

Fate does not always warn us before the blow falls.

CHAPTER X.

I COME TO LIFE.

'I am so glad—so glad for you,' said Barbara that afternoon, when I went back to the office and resumed my work.

"And I am glad—that you are glad," I said.

"You know the news that you had run away spread through town last night. When you did not come back to the hotel for supper people began to whisper, and by the time church was out, the opinion was general that you had jumped your bail bond."

"I can't blame them for thinking it, Miss Talifero. It looked like a plain case. It was good of you not to share the general opinion."

"Oh, I couldn't have believed such a thing of you—though to tell the truth I wondered much what had happened."

"Then you cared?" I murmured softly.

"Of course," she blushed, and then went on hurriedly. "And all the time you were lying bound hand and foot in that dreadful cave. It must have been a horrid night for you. It's a wonder you are not gray headed today."

"Oh, I feel all right, now. To confess the truth, I slept most of the night. My greatest worry was the fear that you should think me a coward and a traitor."

She was silent, and I went on, a little tremulously:

"You know, Miss Talifero, that what you think counts more with me than any thing else in the world."

'Please don't say such things," she murmured. "You have no right—I have no right to listen to them.'

"No, of course," I said with sudden bitterness. "I have no right. I am only an unknown tramp, without friends or prospects in life. What right have I to think of you?"

"I did not mean that,' she said, looking at me reproachfully.

"Even my name is not my own," I went on bitterly. "The time is coming when you will look at me with eyes of horror—when you will hate me—when you will refuse to accept my word against the judgment of the world. Oh, Barbara, you do not know what a dark shadow hangs over my life, what a gulf divides me from you!"

She was frightened and perhaps pained at my vehemence, and for a moment she forgot herself.

"Dear Mr. Smith," she exclaimed, taking my hand impulsively. "I believe in you. My heart, my woman's instinct tells me that you are true and good. Even if all the world turns against you, I will be your friend."

Swept off my feet by the tenderness of her tone, I forgot the purpose to which I had steeled myself. The love that filled my soul conquered me. Her nearness, the touch of her hand, her sympathy and faith, revealed at that moment, were irresistible.

"Barbara, dear one, I love you," I murmured and then I took her in my arms and showered kisses upon her lovely face.

For a moment she lay there passive, trembling, then with a heart broken cry she struggled for release.

But I would not let her go.

"I love you—love you," I repeated. "I claim you for my own. Kiss me, Barbara. Love, kiss me."

I turned her face toward mine, and her head fell upon my shoulder. The light of love and surrender was in her beautiful eyes. For one heavenly second she was mine—she gave herself to me.

Then remembrances swept over her—the light of love went out, and her face was stamped with pain and despair.

"Oh, let me go—pity me," she murmured. Her distress was so real that it chilled me. I released her and she drew away, hiding her face in her hands.

"Oh, God forgive me. What have I done?" she sobbed.

"Is it such a dreadful thing, then?" I reproached her. "It is I who am to be forgiven. I forgot myself—forgot who and what I am—forgot the fate that hangs over me Barbara, forgive me. I have no right ——"

"It is not that," she cried. "You do not understand. It is I that have no right.'

"Tell me," I said while dread clutched my heart.

"I am engaged to Hugh Poindexter."

The words struck me like blows in the face. I turned away without a word.

Presently she came to me and laid her hand on my sleeve.

"Mr. Smith, I am sorry. I did not dream —I did not think——"

"I am a fool," I said, shaking her hand off roughly. "I am just a fool. Do not be sorry for me."

"I would have told you, but I did not know, how could I know——"

"You love him? I asked suddenly.

"Yes," she faltered. "Of course—I suppose so—I thought I did—an then——" she paused brokenly.

"There is something else, then?"

"I am bound to him," she said firmly. "I must not forget that. It was my father's wish. Whether I love him or no, I must marry him. It is my duty. I have promised him—he loves me, and he was very good to my father. 'Tis a debt I owe."

"Then there is no hope for me?'

"None. Not the slightest hope. Oh, I am so sorry. Believe me, Mr. Smith."

Then I began to rail and fight like a child.

"If I had a fair chance, I could have won your love, Barbara. But even the chance was denied me. Fate has broken me on the wheel. I care not now what happens to me. There is nothing left to live for. They may hang me if they wish."

"Hang you?" she looked at me with startled eyes. "What do you mean?"

"You will learn soon enough," I said.

She would have pressed me for an explanation, but just then Billy came back, bearing news.

"They are going to hunt for Binks," he said. "All the men are going to Crystal Gorge. The sheriff's coming here with a posse to ask you about it."

In a short time the men were in the office.

"I can't tell you any more than I already have told you, men,' I declared. "The last I saw of Binks he was crawling out of the cave, with a pot of red paint under his arm, and a paint brush in his hand. He probably is out somewhere making signs about the demon rum—or he may have forgotten that by this time and be doing something else."

"Will you go with us?" asked Smith. "Or have you had enough of the Crystal Gorge?"

"I am a little tired," I confessed. "If I could do you any good, or be any help to poor Binks, I would go any way, but as it is, I think I will stay here and work."

"Oh, I forgot," said Billy. "Major Marshall is upstairs in Judge Walker's office, and he said to tell you to come up there; if you please. That's what he said—if you please."

"All right, Billy. I'll go right along."

While the sheriff's party went out to search for poor Binks I went up to see my uncle. We were going to lay the case before the lawyer, and take his advice.

Just as I left the office, Hugh Poindexter came in. I went away with a raging heart and left them there together—the woman I loved and the man I hated. May heaven forgive all black thoughts!

When I entered the lawyer's office my uncle came and turned the key in the door.

"We do not want to be interrupted," he declared significantly.

Judge Walker slid down lazily in his arm chair, and put his feet on the desk.

"I've learned not to be surprised at anything—but I'll confess I'm wondering what is up between you two. No new developments in the arson case, I hope?"

"This has nothing to do with the arson case," said my uncle. "It is something far more serious. It is a murder case."

"Murder?" exclaimed the lawyer. "Why there hasn't been a murder in the county for a year—except the killing of Colonel Talifero."

"That is the case precisely that we wish to consult you about."

"But the murderer of Talifero is dead. They buried him only last week."

"No, Howard Marshall is not dead. He ——"

"You need not explain,' said the lawyer. 'I understand. This young man is Howard Marshall—your nephew. You did not know it yourself until after you had him arrested for arson. Then he made himself known to you, and you had the case dismissed. I see. I see."

The old lawyer looked at my uncle thoughtfully.

"That is the truth, sir."

"Then I think this is an exceedingly dangerous place for Mr. Marshall to hide," said the judge, looking at me critically, almost sternly, I thought. "The finding of the dead body—I can't imagine how you managed it—was a very clever thing. The hunt is no longer on. But there are several people at Mountain Springs that know Mr. Marshall by sight, I should think."

"Dozens of them," I admitted.

"Then it is only a matter of time—perhaps next week at court, when one of them will be over here and identify you. You would better clear out, sir. My advice is that you go as far away from this country as you can get—let your name die out, and be John Smith for the rest of your life."

"But I don't want to be John Smith," I said calmly.

"No, we want to stand trial. We want you to defend us," said my uncle. "Howard must be cleared."

The lawyer laughed, a little scornfully.

"I ought to feel complimented at the confidence you have in my ability, Colonel. But there are some things the best lawyer cannot do How do you expect me to clear him, I'd like to ask?"

"You think I am guilty?" I asked indignantly.

"A lawyer never thinks his client is guilty," he said courtly. "I am only looking at the proof. Not only the circumstaances are against you, but Black was an eye witness of the crime, and you ought to know that this is just as much a case of murder as if the old man had fell dead in his tracks. If a man dies from the r ult of a wound within a year and a day after the wound is inflicted, then it is murder. If you had not been caught cheating——" he added, turning directly to me—"if the colonel had no just grievance when he attacked you, then we might make out some sort of a case of self defense. As it is——"

"There will be plenty of money," suggested my uncle.

"The case might be worried along for a year or two—on continuances and change of venue—but you would have to lie in jail in the meantime. It is not a bailable offence. Then in the end if you got off with a life sentence you would be lucky."

"No, sir," he went on. "You would far better let Howard Marshall lie in his grave, undisturbed, and leave this town tonight. Every hour you stay here is an added danger."

"But you do not understand, Judge. Howard is not guilty."

"No, of course not," said the lawyer meaningly. "I understand that. Nobody is guilty until he is proven guilty. The law presumes every man to be innocent. But I tell you I have talked wit. Hugh Poindexter, who talked with Black. It is what we slangily term a 'dead open and shut case.' They will prove you guilty beyond a doubt."

"Do you believe Colonel Talifero would tell a lie?" my uncle asked.

"I know he would not."

"Well, I was over to Mountain Springs to investigate the matter last week," said my uncle. "I learned all that is to be known of the circumstances, and I admit that the smoking pistol was found in Howard's pocket. I admit that Black will swear all that he told Hugh—all that he thinks necessary. Yet there was just one little thing that convinced me, if I had any doubt before, which I did not—that Howard was not guilty."

"And what was that?" asked the lawyer.

"It was a statement made by Colonel Talifero," said my uncle. "After the shooting, when the landlord and the city marshal came into the room, and the marshal was about to arrest Howard here, Colonel Talifero said, "I give you my word of honor that Mr. Marshall did not shoot me.' He said that within the distinct hearing of all, and both of the men remember it."

"That statement has weight with me,' said the lawyer, taking his feet from the table and looking at my uncle eagerly. "I don't know whether it's the kind of an ante mortem statement that we could get before the jury—but we probably could manage it some how. But if Colonel Talifero declared, on his word of honor that Marshall did not shoot him, why then I would believe it. But did the colonel shoot himself—or was there an accident? Perhaps there is more in this case than I thought. Mr. Marshall, will you please tell me everything that occurred, as near as you can remember?"

Then I told my story to the lawyer—word for word—every detail, every incident of that day—from the time that Black came to me with the suggestion that we play cards, until the shot was fired. I told him how I went home to see my mother, and how I came back and was robbed by the tramps.

He questioned me and cross questioned me, searching me with his keen eyes, until if I had been guilty I know I must have given away before his scrutiny.

But I told a straight, convincing tale, borne up by the knowledge of my innocence.

When I had finished the lawyer leaped to his feet with a great oath, and began to pace the floor in agitation.

"Do you know," he said at last, turning to me, "do you know I believe you? When you came in here I had not a single doubt of your guilt. Now I believe in your innocence. I cannot doubt it."

"I am glad of that," I murmured, with a sigh of genuine relief.

"And to think that Black should be such a deep scoundrel. But taking for granted that he is guilty, everything played into his hands. He was unlucky at cards that night, but he must think good fortune is with him. The death of the colonel saved him. Then it was his word against yours, and you are a stranger, and there is the pistol. I understand it still is in the hands of the marshal. I have no doubt we shall be able to prove that it belonged to Black."

"Do you think we can afford to stand trial?"

"I do not know. I have not decided. I am inclined to say yes, for never yet have I known an innocent man to be convicted of a crime. Usually it is the other way about —the guilty are allowed to go free. But when a man is really innocent, there are a thousand little circumstances that crop up in his favor. Every new circumstance that comes to light is a witness for him. Every inanimate thing pleads for him. If you give yourself up voluntarily, after you have been acknowledged dead and are comparatively safe, it will be a great point in your favor."

"That is what I desire to do. That is why we came to you, Judge Walker. I would sooner stand my punishment, if necessary, than to go through life skulking and hiding."

"Let me weigh the matter a little more," he said. "Let me have till morning to investigate. Then I think we will surrender. But we will have a sensational fight on hand. We will have to accuse Black boldly of committing the crime himself. It will be a great fight. At present our evidence is slim, but the fact that you gave yourself up will be a battle half won. If by any fatal chance they should discover you, before you declare your identity, we would be ruined. But let us wait till morning. Then I will

(Continued on page ten.)

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$4.50 for this SKIRT

This skirt will be sent to you on approval for a deposit of $1.00, with the distinct understanding that you can return it if you are not more than satisfied. At $4.50 it's a bargain you can't afford to miss. That would hardly cover cost of materials these days. Yet $4.50 makes it yours, ready to wear.

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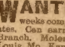
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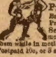

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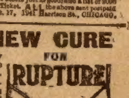

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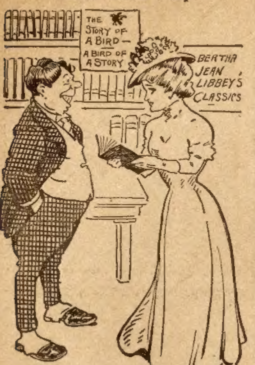

THE STORY OF A BIRD— A BIRD OF A STORY
BERTHA JEAN LIBBEY'S CLASSICS

The Clerk (a joker)—Have you read this bit of fiction, "The Story of a Bird?"

Customer—It's pretty highly colored isn't it?

The Clerk—Yes; it's a peacock tail.

Change of Program.

American Girl—Ma, the Scotch lord has invited me to see the new tragedy with him tonight, and I see by the papers that the star is ill and the drama will not be produced. It's awfully provoking.

Ma—That does not matter, dear; you have seen that tragedy once, and no doubt some other play will be presented. Go with him, of course.

American Girl (after the performance)—You sat through that comedy without a smile, and it was awfully funny, too; I nearly died laughing.

Scotch Lord—Why didna ye tell me it was a comedy. I bought seats for a tragedy.

Sirius.

She gazed off toward the infinite blackness.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed. "There appears to be a white streak across the dog star tonight."

"How funny," laughed George.

"What's funny?"

"Why, maybe the dog star is showing his teeth."

Geography.

Chicago Teacher—Name the principal towns in Missouri.

Bright Boy—Squakville, Four Corners, Frogtown, Bum's Crossing, and St. Louis.

Teacher—Go up ahead.

JOKES AND

At Least That.

DeAuber—This is a portrait of Judge Blank. What do you think I ought to get for it?

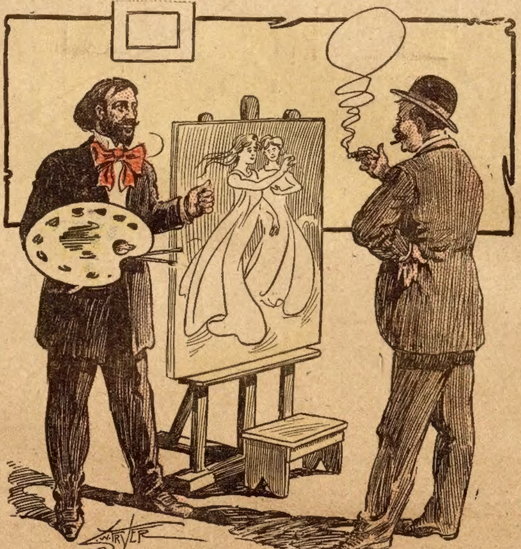
Criticus—Oh, about six months.

His Abode.

Blinks—Where are you living now?

Jinks (gloomily)—I don't live.

Blinks—That so? Where are you boarding?



The Artist—What d'ye think of this picture I'm doing? I call it "Wood Nymphs."

His Friend—Fine, old man. They look as if they were actually made of wood, don't they?

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story.

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one time it came over me and I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you, that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I now like better than the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal beside."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Paradoxical.

The Drummer—The price of writing paper has gone up.

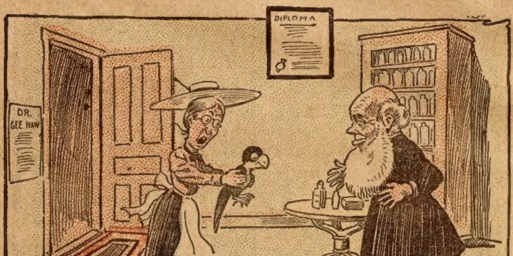
The Merchant—Why I always thought it was stationary.

A Different Miss.

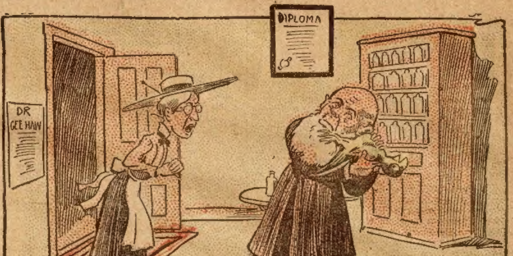
"Misfortune has pursued him for a long time."

"Yes, but he is now pursuing Miss Fortune and hopes to turn the tables."

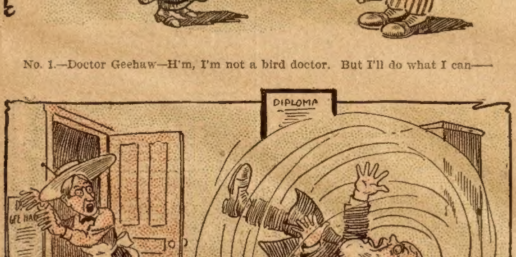
THE VILLAGE DOC.



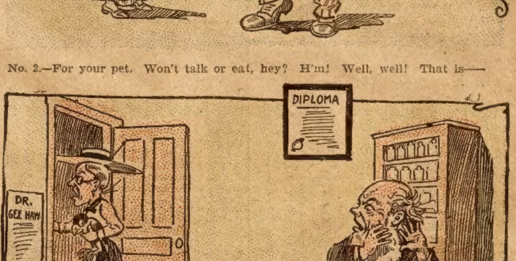
No. 1.—Doctor Geehaw—H'm, I'm not a bird doctor. But I'll do what I can——



No. 2.—For your pet. Won't talk or eat, hey? H'm! Well, well! That is——

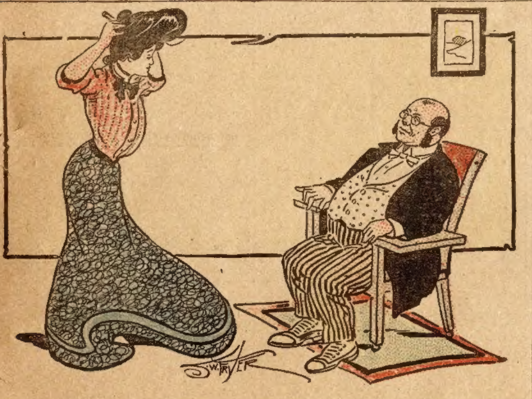


No. 3.—Help! Wow! Woman, take your fiendish bird off'n me and wring his neck! Murder! Leggo my ear! ! !



No. 4.—Well, he must have the lockjaw, anyway.

JOLLITY

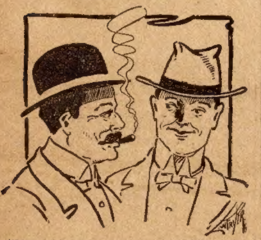


Mrs. Profundus (after dinner)—It was so interesting to hear you discuss the labor question with Prof. Deepwater—and you talked so well.

Mr. Profoundus— (pleased)—Did you really think so?

Mrs. Profundus—Yes, indeed; I was so proud of you. And, tell me, dearie, which side was you on?

Some Doubt.



"Mr. Addlepate says he would like to be a monk."

"In a monastery or a zoo?"

One on the Tailor.

It was a hot day and a small boy followed by a yellow cur meandered into a tailor shop.

"Say," queried the boy, "do youse do repairin' in dis joint?"

"Sure," replied the tailor. "What can I do for you?"

"Youse kin put er patch on me dog's pants," replied the urchin.

Made a Difference.

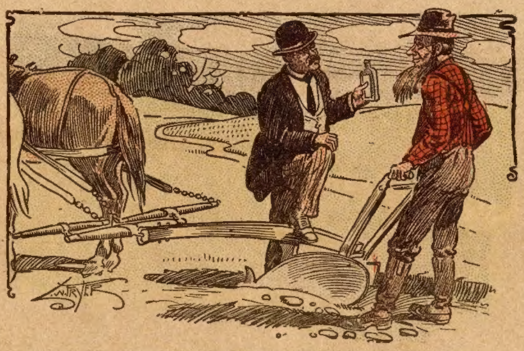
She—I shall have to refuse you again.

He—But this is positively the last time I shall propose.

She—O, well, that's different. Why didn't you say so?

Which Is It?

"Sometimes," confided Mrs. Longwed to her intimate friend, "I think my husband is the patientest, gentlest, best-natured soul that ever lived, and sometimes I think it's merely laziness that ails him!"

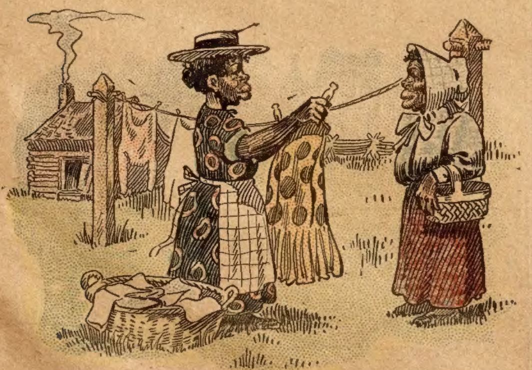


Agent—Yes, sir! This patent medicine is excellent fer man er beast alike.

Rube Haylot—External er otherwise?

Agent—Internal.

Rube Haylot—Waal, ye better run along, then, cause I've jest sworn off.



Lucinda—Yeas, Ah told mah daddy dey all called Sam "Sugar" kase he was so sweet en refined.

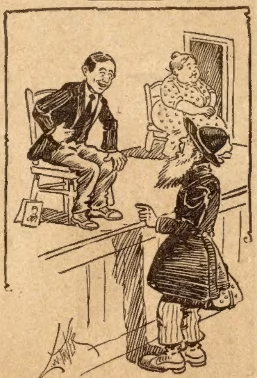
Dinah—En what did de ol' man say?

Lucinda—He sed ef Sam was sugah he sahtenly mus' be loaf sugah.

Saving of Time.

Mabel—I can't see how you have so much time to devote to your music.

Stella—Oh, my hair curls naturally.



Farmer Ryetop (in sideshow)—Is there any advantage in being a tack eater, young fellow?

Tack Eater—Well, yes. For instance, you are never in danger of being run over by an automobile.

The Right Bower.

Business Manager—Things here are in bad shape this morning. The printers have struck for higher wages.

Great Newspaper Proprietor—Let 'em strike; plenty more.

"And the editors and reporters demand shorter hours."

"Get new ones."

"And the carriers and agents are mad about the reduction in price, and won't sell the paper."

"Who cares?"

"And the circulation editor refuses to swear to any more lies, without more pay."

"My goodness! Double his salary."

Society.

Little Chick—What do you let that ugly little thing come under your wing for?

Old Hen (who had inadverently hatched a duck's egg)—I can't help it, my dear. We've got to put up with the creature because she belongs to our set, you know.

Came in Late.

Maude—The gown Mrs. Upson had on last Sunday is the very latest.

Clara—How do you know?

Maude—Because her arrival at church was.

Wouldn't Risk It.

Kind Lady—Would you work if given a chance?

The Hobo—No ma'am. I ain't takin' no chances.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS, TAKE NOTICE!

Now ready, Hitchcock's Revised, enlarged, up-to-date edition of "EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER;" EVERYBODY'S LAW BOOK. Legal Rights, Legal Remedies, Business Forms, adapted to every State in the Union. When we published some years ago "EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER," hundreds of thousands of copies were sold. Thousands remember that book and want this one. Agents coined money selling it when the country was much smaller than today. The new generation will want this new book. Apply for terms to agents and circular of contents now. Sample copy, postpaid, $2.50. Address Hitchcock Publishing Co., 49 8th Ave., New York. P. S.—Mr. Benjamin W. Hitchcock, the President of this company, is one of the oldest and best-known publishers in the United States.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P. O. Box A

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY CO., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

$26 A WEEK AND EXPENSES FOR MEN WITH rigs to introduce Poultry Compound. Reliable company. Experience unnecessary. IMPERIAL CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANSAS.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—30 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box Y 13, DANVILLE, VA

$150 a Month to Agents selling Silverware, Shears and 2000 other necessities from our Mdse. Catalogue. A. L. Burch, Erie, Pa., made $35.50 first week. Catalog free. Chas. A. Doe Supply Co., 133 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS

$100 A MONTH EASILY MADE selling our "LIGHTNING SELLING" TRANSPARENT HANDLED POCKET KNIVES. Name and address on one side; photo and lodge emblem on the other. Just the right thing for a nice present. Write TODAY for agents' terms. GOLDEN RULE CUTLERY CO., 51-9 Wendell Street, CHICAGO.

Why Not Be a Sign Man?

$10.00 a day easily made selling our sign letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. If you are ambitious and desirous of making big money, write to us today and we will start you in a profitable business of your own. No experience is necessary. You will succeed right from the start. Write today for a free sample and full particulars.

Metallic Sign Letter Co., 71 N. Clark St., Chicago

SWIFTLIT GAS-LAMP AND BURNER

Works Like City Gas

Positively the only instantaneous match-lighting Gas-Lamp; radically new and different; no alcohol delay; ½ match enough; prompt, positive, sure; simple city gas form; portable, or fixed pressure systems; 100 to 1,000 candle power; low prices for AGENTS or Introduction; Swiftlit BURNERS cheap for old lamps; intensely interesting novelty; Agents coining money. Established 1868. Write; investigate.

PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!

An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c

AGENTS WANTED.

W. C. WATKINS & CO, Box 1505 Pittsburg, Pa.

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing.

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS AND GIRLS

EARN ELEGANT WATCH AND CHAIN

IN ONE DAY'S WORK.

SEND NO MONEY.—Simply send your name and address, and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches Long, no 2 alike (stores charge $1.00 each for them). With them we send 12 boxes of our famous CLOVERINE SALVE (in handsome tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Sores, Piles,

MEN AND WOMEN

EARN $3.00 DAILY.

Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, etc. You sell the Cloverine at 25c. per box and give one picture free. When sold return money and we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can keep cash commission. Be first in your town. Every one buys two to three boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn $3.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Ad.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Tyrone, Pa. Dept. 38

Whose Dog are You
Love's Young Dream
Off Again
Who Said Divorce!
TEDDY THE SPORT
Statue of LIBERTY
MY PET
Do it Now
Play Mates
Engaged

MULTI-COLORED ARTISTIC COMIC
20 POST CARDS 10c
35 FOR 15c 65 FOR 25c

This is the Greatest Post Card Bargain Ever Offered.—20 beautifully colored, assorted, Artistic, Scenic and Comic Post Cards for 10c.; 35 for 15c; 65 for 25c. We are the Largest Publishers of High Art Post Cards in the United States. (Most Post Card stores sell the same kind of cards for 5c. each.)

NO Two Cards Alike. Artistic Cards. Our selected assortment consists of the reproductions from Famous Paintings, real photograph cards, Kittens, Dogs, Birds, Flowers, Landscapes, Waterfalls, Pretty Children, Handsome Women, Birth and Greeting Cards and a most laughable assortment of Comics. Regular side splitters such as "Who said Divorce," "Mama's Boy," "My Wife wo'nt let me," "Seeing the Sights," "Keep right on," and many others.

Don't miss this wonderful Post Card offer. You can sell our cards at one cent each and make big money. Order to-day.

Electro Art Color Co.
372 W. 23rd St.
NEW YORK

Set of MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 2c Just to introduce our catalog of 1000 other tricks we will send you a set of Trick Cards with full secret directions for only 2c. With these cards you can change sights to tens or aces, red cards to black, spades to hearts or clubs, etc., just as you desire, and no one can detect it. DRAKE TRICK CO., Dept. 14, 1041 Harrison St., Chicago.

FREE Your Fortune Told
Future and past wonderfully revealed, by the greatest philosopher, astrologist, clairvoyant. Send birth date and stamp now. Address
PROF. CRESSWELL, Dept. 3, BOX 410, AURORA, ILL.

STARK Nurseries Pay Cash Weekly AND WANT MORE SALESMEN EVERYWHERE. BEST CONTRACT, BEST OUTFIT. LARGEST NURSERIES—WITH AN 82-YEAR RECORD.
STARK BRO'S, LOUISIANA, MO.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD Fill your own teeth. A Gold plated shell that fits any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fools them all. Over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 60 cents.
D. D. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

VENTRILOQUISM
Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof.
O. A. SMITH, ROOM 480—2040 KNOXVILLE AVE., PEORIA, ILL.

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "Inventor's Guide."
Franklin H. Hough, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D.C.

NO HAIR NO PAY
We grow hair on baldest heads. Only requires a short time to stop falling hair and cure any scalp disease. Enclose stamp. Particulars free.
E. B. JACKSON & CO.
DEPT. 8-A KALAMAZOO, MICH.

ALL THREE FREE
To introduce our goods we will send this beautiful stone set, engraved MELBA DRESS PIN SET of three pieces, ABSOLUTELY FREE, to any one sending to us their name and address.
ALDEN MFG. CO., 182 SABIN ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.
This is a very useful book, being a guide to the successful Hunting and Trapping of Wild Animals. It tells how to fish; gives right season for trapping; how to make, set and bait traps for all kinds of wild animals; how to make and use birdlime; to tell true value of skins; to skin all animals; to dress and tan skins, furs, and leather, with or without wool or hair; to skin or stuff birds; baits and hooks for fishing; to fish successfully without nets, spears, snares, "bobs" or bait, a great secret; to choose and clean guns; to breed minks for skins; Bryon's Lightning Gunner, Sportsman's Hints, Helps and Suggestions, list of firms who buy and sell skins, furs, etc. In order to introduce our catalogue of bargains we will send you "Life in the Woods" upon receipt of 10 cents, stamps or silver. Write today to UNITED SPECIALTY CO., Book Dept., 94 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Ask for "Life in the Woods," when ordering.

Free Sample
COPY
of COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself.
Write to
COMMERCIAL POULTRY CO.
Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

THE WHITE SLAVE

BY ELEANOR FAIRFAX

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 38, Sept. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

QUENCHING THE HIDDEN FIRE.

Jerry Fletcher, no longer bearing that name, ran lightly up the single flight leading to the apartment where he had lived for some time, humming a popular song. Things had been going his way lately, and within two hours he would be the husband of one of the best matches in the city. He did not love her, he had no love to give. All the emotions he was capable of had died long ago, but he loved her money and intended to fully enjoy it. Doubtless he would break her heart and make her a bad, bad husband, as Sol had said, but that was her lookout. She had been mighty glad to enslave him and was dressing with great pride. She intended that her wedding should outclass every wedding of the season, and read in anticipation the columns of praise the morrow's papers would hold.

Opening the outside door, Jerry entered, the song still on his lips. There had been an all-night session at his club and his eyes had not closed in sleep, yet he looked as fresh as ever and his eyes as clear. It took a great deal to break a man like him, with his castiron nerves.

As he advanced into the room, a figure rose to meet him.

"The devil!" he said abruptly.

Motionless the figure stood, muffled in a man's automobile coat, then a pair of little hands let it fall and a girl in the short, silk garment of the "House of Mystery" was disclosed.

"Violet!" he muttered.

The figure nodded.

"And what are you here for?" Jerry asked, doing some rapid thinking in the meanwhile.

"To see you."

"But I haven't any time to waste on you. Now, Violet, do you think this is kind? I'm going to be married this morning, have barely time to dress, and here you come to annoy me." There was mockery in his eyes and sarcasm in his voice, but Violet was not affected by them. Quietly she walked to his side and spoke in a low tone:

"Jerry, you will not get married this morning."

The man laughed scornfully.

"You will not get married because I will prevent it."

Jerry lifted his shoulders and started toward an electric bell.

"Ring all you want, I disconnected it. You are in here with me, and I do not intend that you shall ever leave alive."

"Come to kill me, eh?"

"Yes. I told you that a year ago. As long as you were single I'd say nothing, but if you dared to think of marrying I'd take a hand."

"Smart girl!"

"You needn't sneer, Jerry. You thought I didn't know your real name, didn't you? I found it out a week after you dumped me in that house. Tired of me, you thought you could bury me there, but you haven't. I grabbed this coat and came here and waited. Here we are, you and I," and she paused significantly.

For the first time in his wicked life Jerry felt he had met his match. There was that quiet desperation in her voice which told him that she meant what she said, and that if she failed it would not be her fault. In vain did he try words of pleading. She simply smiled, and such a smile! It seemed as though the wrong he had done her was multiplied by the terrible life to which he had consigned so many, and he who had prided himself upon being invulnerable, shrank back. Then he started to caress her, and she threw him off with surprising strength, saying bitterly:

"There was a time when I surrendered everything to your kisses, Jerry Fletcher, but now I'm not the silly girl you disgraced, but Violet, the fancy woman, who has come in her garment of shame to your rooms to wreak her vengeance upon you for her wrongs and those of the many you enticed into a life of iniquity," and suddenly the white arm shot out, the arm that once had curved so lovingly about his neck, and a shining something was driven deep into his cold, wicked heart.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The magnificently decorated church was filled to the very doors, the wedding march swelled from the organ and the haughty bride, leaning upon her father's arm rustled up the center aisle to the altar, but there was no bridegroom to meet her. After an agonizing and mortifying pause, the bride was assisted, half-fainting, into the vestry and messengers were sent to the bridegroom's apartment. After some difficulty they broke in the door and came upon a scene of horror, for upon the floor lay the missing bridegroom, stabbed to the heart, and lying across him was the dead body of a girl whose blood mingled with his. In her heart was the same weapon that had caused his death.

The police never were able to account for the presence of a handsome man's automobile coat, although its owner, whose name was plainly embroidered on the under side of the collar, managed to clear himself of complicity by proving an unassailable alibi.

CHAPTER XX.

A closed carriage drove rapidly to the "House of Mystery" that same morning, and a handsome young man leaped out, carefully assisting a lady and then an enfeebled young man. The latter was followed by a man, plainly marked as a physician, and the four ascended the steps Rosy's innocent feet had trod only three weeks before.

"I have permission to marry her, remember that," the invalid said huskily, but right in front of the door Mrs. Bryant turned to say decidedly:

"Not a word of that now, my boy. Remember that the poor girl we have come to rescue is not your old Rosy. All memory of this must be driven from her head before you say anything like that to her."

Ned, not able to stand alone, giving his very life blood, risking his life itself for her, sighed and wondered vaguely why Mrs. Bryant was carrying a long cloak over her arm, but he said nothing and the door opened to Tom's vigorous ring.

The liveried negro raised his brows when he saw Tom, but shook his head when Mrs. Bryant asked for admittance.

Before anything more could be said, however, the housekeeper, very greasy-looking, with her flapping dressing saque and her hair in curl papers, lunged into the hall and asked harshly:

"What does this mean? What's wanted?"

"These folks are after a girl," Tom said, pushing past the negro, the others following. The servant closed the door, and the rescue party stood in the hall.

"Now see here," the housekeeper began, but Tom continued:

"Rout up the madam. Tell her she had better comply. This lady here," indicating Mrs. Bryant, "is a settlement worker. If you don't give up the girl she will have the house raided."

"The madam won't give up any one," the housekeeper argued.

"Tell her I said she had better," Tom said, opening a door and motioning his party into a dimly lit room.

Muttering to herself, the housekeeper waddled away and the doctor took occasion to administer another stimulant to his patient.

Fully half an hour passed, then they heard the swish of silken skirts and Mrs. Carrol entered the door. The physician started. He had often seen this woman moving in very different surroundings.

"What is it, Tom?" she asked, believing that Tom was acting in her interests. He allowed her to think so, not only to more easily obtain Rosy, but for his own safety, for he knew he must leave the city if he hoped to escape the fury of the baffled syndicate. He did leave that very day, and changing his name, lost his former identity in Arizona.

"These people have wind of something and have come for a girl."

"Is it serious?"

"Very, they mean business."

"Who is the girl?"

"Rosy Gordon."

"That girl!"

"You've made pretty good on her, better give her back to her friends," Tom advised.

Suddenly through that silent house came a wailing cry:

"Is there no escape? I will scream, I will."

Ned was galvanized and sprung to his feet, for the voice was Rosy's.

Tom, quick to read much from a single gesture, knew who it was and spoke very rapidly:

"That kind of dope can't be good for business. I heard she's dying."

"Going crazy, I guess," said Mrs. Carrol. "All right they can have the baggage. Ungrateful if there ever was any one," and then her eyes fell upon the physician's face. In that instant she knew her social life was over, but she was about ready to retire. She was tired of maintaining the character and so she said coldly:

"I'll spare you the trouble, doctor. You need not denounce me to your friends, our friends, I might say."

The physician merely bowed, but she knew he would turn and rend her if she failed to keep her word.

Again a wild wail rang through the house, and she started, pressed a button, then called up a speaking-tube:

"Bring her down here and make her stop that noise," and then sank into a chair.

There was a moment's waiting, then there appeared in the door a frail, white-faced creature, about whom fell golden hair, torn with frequent pulling of the little hands that clenched and squirmed, suggesting insanity. The blue eyes were wide open, but in them glared something so akin to insanity that even the physician was startled.

Ned stood motionless for a moment. When last he had seen Rosy, her arms had been about his neck, her girlish blushes were hidden on his shoulder and her rose-leaf lips were against his. For the instant he did not recognize her, then with a low groan he sprang forward. His eyes fell upon the shameful garment that compelled her to keep within doors, and he understood the long cloak. Snatching it from Mrs. Bryant, with a superhuman effort, considering his health, he wrapped it about her and catching her up in his arms, staggered with her to the street door, where he fell against the wall, but did not release her, and when Tom flung it open, he continued down the steps and into the carriage, and then he fainted and the physician had two patients.

Tom left them, and Mrs. Bryant had the carriage driven to her home. The White Slave was rescued, but her mind was under a cloud, her health shattered, and there was placed upon her soul a mark so black that she felt nothing would ever efface it. Had it not been for Mrs. Bryant, the girl would have died, for she could not return home, would not accept Ned's generous offer and dared not think of the future. However, Mrs. Bryant had dealt with serious problems before. She saw Mrs. Gordon, told her that Rosy had been visiting, and that she had a chance of paying another and longer one, and left that mother perfectly satisfied, planning for further engagements and marriages among her friends and steadily sinking deeper into debt.

Then she went among her friends, and found a sweet, noble-hearted lady who was going abroad and wanted a companion. Knowing Rosy's history, she tenderly took the broken girl to her heart, and promised to try and make her forget. Just before the two started, Rosy consented to see Ned for a minute. She looked so worn and ill, he, himself a shadow of his old self, felt the tears rise to his eyes, but he asked bravely.

"When you grow better, Rosy, won't there be any hope for me?"

A flame lit the white face as Rosy said brokenly:

"Oh, Ned, remember!"

His own voice broke as he returned:

"I pray God we may both forget, and live in the love of each other."

When she left for the East, he went West, joining Tom Knight.

EPILOGUE.

If we could look into the future a period of five years we might see a very pretty picture in an old garden in southern France. Standing by a sparkling stream, surrounded by roses and fragrant pinks, as well as other garden flowers, we might see two young people, whose faces though young, both bear traces of terrible sorrow or self-overcome. Then we might see the one, strong, manly, bronzed by years of travel, put forth his hand and take that of the woman, and as he did so, look into her Madonna face, searching her blue eyes. What will he read there? Consent at last? Perhaps, or she would not permit him to hold her hand. He deserves it, Ned Kenendy, who all these years has been waiting for his boyhood love. She will consent if she feels that her years of doing good to others has sufficiently wiped away the stain made upon her soul by those who delivered her into the White Slave trade.

(The end.)

When I Was Dead.

(Continued from page seven.)

advise you how to act. I will plan the campaign tonight.

"I would just as soon surrender, now, and have it over with," I said. "I am determined to take my chances. That we have been able to convince you is a great relief."

"We will wait till morning—that will be better," he said. "Then you will have one more night out of jail."

And while we were talking Black was closeted in a room in the hotel, in conference with Hugh Poindexter.

If we only had known that!

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this highly interesting story. We advise you to read it to the end. Do you take the Ledger regularly? You ought to do so, as it is acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining papers printed in America. For a year's subscription we send fifty-two copies of the Ledger and six fine patterns free or one of our splendid stereoscopes. Note our premium advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Some men are sympathetic because there is no expense attached to it.

HOOSIER STEEL
HOOSIER OAK

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES & RANGES
Order direct from our Stove Factory and save for yourself all Jobbers' and Dealers' big profits.
Hoosier Stoves and Ranges
"The best in the world." Are sold on 30 days' free trial. We pay the freight. Guaranteed for years, "backed by a million dollars." "Hoosier's are "fuel savers and easy bakers." Very heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with many new improvements and features. Our large Stove and Range Catalog shows the greatest bargains ever offered.
Write for catalog and Special Free Trial Offer.
Hoosier Stove Co., 264 State St.,
Marion, Ind

EASY FOOD

Ready for Instant Use Without Cooking.

Almost every one likes a cereal food of some kind at breakfast and supper, but the ordinary way of cooking cereals results in a pasty mass that is hard to digest, and if not properly digested, the raw mass goes down into the intestinal tract where gas is generated and trouble follows.

Every one knows that good food properly digested keeps the body well, while poor food, or even food of good quality that is poorly prepared and not digested, is sure to bring some kind of disease.

The easiest food to digest in this line is Grape-Nuts, made from wheat and barley, and cooked thoroughly at the factory, some 12 to 16 hours being consumed in the different processes of preparation. The food, therefore, is ready for instant service and the starch has been changed to a form of Sugar, so that it is pre-digested and ready for almost immediate absorption.

A Chicago young lady writes that she suffered for years from indigestion and dyspepsia from the use of food that was not suitable to her powers of digestion. She says:

"I began using Grape-Nuts, and I confess to having had a prejudice at first, and was repeatedly urged before I finally decided to try the food, but I have not known what indigestion is since using it, and have never been stronger or in better health. I have increased in weight from 109 to 124 pounds."

People can be well, practically without cost, if they will adopt a scientific food and leave off the indigestible stuff. "There's a Reason."

Grape-Nuts Food is crisp and delicious to the taste. It should be served exactly as it comes from the package, without cooking, except in cases where it is made up into puddings and other desserts.—Book of delicious receipts, and "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

◆

A wonderful needle-threader is in use in a lace factory in Berne, Switzerland. It automatically threads a thousand needles a minute. It takes the needle, carries it along, threads it, ties the knot, cuts the thread off at a uniform length, then carries the needle across an open space, and place it in a rack. The work of threading these needles was formerly done by hand.

◆

Free to Our Readers.

Beautiful Picture Given to Everyone Who Writes at Once.

By special arrangement, any reader of this paper who writes at once is entitled to a free copy of Longpre's famous painting, "Yard of Roses," 8 by 36 inches, on heavy copperplate paper, in ten beautiful colors. This is a rare chance to secure this magnificent picture, the original of which sold for $9,000. Enclose 10 cents for cost of mailing. You will also receive the big woman's magazine The Household three months on trial free. Address The Household, Picture Dept., 901 Jackson Street, Topeka, Kan.

◆

Three burglars entered a silversmith's shop in Paris. The owner discovered them rifling a safe. He left the thieves in charge of a bulldog, which stood at the door, while he went in search of the police. On returning with them he found the men very anxious for the advent of the police, whose clutches they evidently feared less than those of the dog.

◆

New Homes in the West.

Send for free copy of pamphlet containing synopsis of the United States homestead laws and information how to secure a quarter section of splendid farming or grazing land free, along the new railway lines of the Chicago & North-Western Ry., in South Dakota, Wyoming and other States. Special excursion rates to homeseekers. Full information on request to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

◆

The ancient custom of blessing the crops during Rogation week is still observed in Whitwell. Canon Mason, the rector, with the surpliced choir and clergy, headed by the cross-bearer, goes in procession to each farmhouse, where prayers for the success of the crops are offered. The Litany and the Psalms are sung en route from farm to farm.

◆

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

◆

The new Palace Hotel in San Francisco, on the old site of that spacious and famous hostelry, is to be erected very soon. The entire cost, for land, building, and furnishings, will be about $5,500,000.

◆

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes prepaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Their Haunting Secrets.

(Continued from page five.)

so much? Did the old gray hen tell ye? I'd advise ye to scratch a few o' them cobwebs out o' your hair. What in time be ye a drivin' at?"

Ellen began to remove the cobwebs from her carroty hair, as she replied, tartly:

"I don't know as you've any call to poke fun at me! If you'd been scratchin' under the summer-house floor, I guess your hair'd be full o' cobwebs, and your back broke besides; but that's neither here nor there. Mark Kirby—is—going—to be——"

"Going to be what?" asked Aunt Sally, as Ellen paused to give her sentence due weight.

"Married!"

Ellen pronounced the single word in a stage whisper.

"Land o' Goshen! That ain't a goin' tew kill him, is it? When? Who tew?"

"To Ag Gilmore. When, I didn't find out, but I mistrust right away."

"Ag Gilmore. Why, she's crazy as a June bug, and ain't no more fit to git married than a year-old baby!" exclaimed Aunt Sally.

"Can't help that. I was in the old summer-house gittin' the eggs from under the floor——"

"Didn't I tell you the old yaller hen laid under that floor? I see her a-slyin' tew her nest," interrupted Aunt Sally.

"If you keep puttin' me out I shan't never git nowhere with my story," snapped Ellen.

"You needn't git grouty. You was allus a sharp one at findin' out things, Ellen. Go on, I'm listenin'."

"And I found out this time," returned Ellen, mollified by the doubtful compliment.

In a few words Aunt Sally was informed of all that Ellen had heard, and much that she surmised.

"I wouldn't like to be in Ag's shoes, with Mark Kirby for a husband. He'll kill her some day," concluded Ellen.

"Better keep your mouth shut. 'A still tongue makes a wise head,' an' 'a close mouth's a purty one', as the old sayin's go. If anything should happen they'd haul us [illegible]."

[illegible] snapped Ellen. "I heard it, all that Mark was a sayin' to himself. My ears is sharp as the next one, an' I remember what I hear."

"His habit o' talkin' tew himself will be the death o' Mark if he don't look out," observed Aunt Sally. "When do you s'pose they're goin' tew be married?"

"I don't know, but I guess right away, by the way he said."

"I shouldn't wonder a mite. I e'en-a-most forgot tew tell you that there's company in the east room. Mrs. Kirby an' Mrs. Gilmore is both in there a talkin'. They come a few minutes ago."

"Who's come?"

"Doctor Rudd and his son, Tite. I'll bet Tite is goin' tew tie the knot. He's a justice o' the peace, you know," said Aunt Sally, in a tone that said plainly, "I've got some news as well as you."

"But what's the doctor come for?" queried Ellen.

"Good Lord, can't you see through the hole in the grin'stone? There's some doctor got to swear that she's a sound an' disposin' mind."

Ellen vanished and remained absent for nearly a quarter of an hour. When she returned to the kitchen there was a long, black bruise traversing her ear and cheek from the sudden opening of the door leading from the east room to the dark hall separating it from the kitchen.

Luckily for her it was only the doctor's big Newfoundland that had burst the latch from the catch, and Ellen escaped without being discovered at the keyhole, where she had gained a tolerable inkling of what was going on.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard Doctor Rudd and Mrs. Kirby talking. I couldn't hear a quarter of what they said, but I found out enough to know that Mark is goin' to be married this blessed night, and Tite Rudd is goin' to marry 'em," Ellen reported.

"It does seem as ef somebody ought tew dew somethin', but then, when her own mother is so f'erce for it nobody can't dew nothin' that I know on," sighed Aunt Sally, "but I'm desput sorry for the poor lamented critter."

"I ain't a-goin' to quirrel with my bread an' butter. If we should say anythin' it wouldn't do a mite o' good and we'd get our walkin' papers, but I'm goin' to see that weddin'," replied Ellen.

"Poor Aggie, I like her if she is loony," answered Aunt Sally.

This strange and romantic story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not miss the pleasure and instruction of reading this story to the end. If you are not already taking the Ledger regularly or if your subscription has expired, we strongly advise you to subscribe at once and get the balance of this startling story, as well as numerous great and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in this best of all story papers. If the reader would like one of our splendid stereoscopes or if you would like six standard patterns without cost, please note the announcement of these premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Teacher—Why are explorers so anxious to find the North Pole, Gordon?

Small Gordon—So it won't be necessary to send other explorers in search of it.

Little Naomi—Say, grandma!

Grandma—What is it, dear?

Little Naomi—Aren't you awful glad you married grandpa and got related to me?

Mother—Tommy Jones is a bad little boy, Willie, and I can't allow you to play with him.

Willie—But, mamma, perhaps he will get better if he associates with a good little boy like me.

"Ruth," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable."

"Why, we are playing, mamma," replied Ruth. "We're playing we are grown-up women making a call."

Sunday School Teacher—What can you tell me about Moses, Jesse?

Small Jesse—He was a very wicked man.

Sunday School Teacher—Why, what put that idea into your head?

Small Jesse—Well, he broke the whole of the ten commandments at one time.

◆

Wanted Him to Stay Here.

"How are you getting along?" asked a traveling man of an acquaintance who had gone on the stage.

"Oh, I have met with a share of success. I played Hamlet for the first time."

"Did you get through all right?"

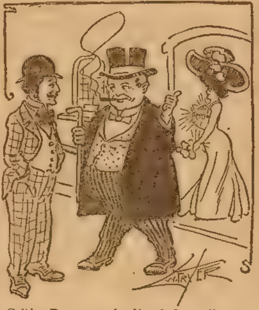
"Yes, except that I happened to stumble and fall into Ophelia's grave."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"It was; but I wouldn't have minded it if the audience hadn't seemed so disappointed when I got out."

◆

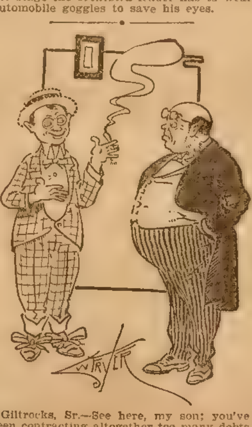
Dazzling.



Critic—Does your leading lady really wear such big diamonds?

Press Agent—Big? Why, when she is on the stage the orchestra leader has to wear automobile goggles to save his eyes.

◆



Giltrocks, Sr.—See here, my son; you've been contracting altogether too many debts of late to suit me.

Giltrocks, Jr.—On the contrary, dad, I've done everything in my power to enlarge them.

FREE WHISKEY

We are going to make it worth your while to be one of the 25,000 new customers whose names we intend to add to our books between now and next Thanksgiving. We are going to give away **Absolutely Free** 25,000 full quarts of our famous unnamed liquor, a suitable name for which we are going to give $100 in cash. This is by far the most generous offer made by any whiskey concern.

4 FULL QUARTS Kellerstrass Private Stock $3.15

1 full quart of our delicious unnamed goods
1 sample bottle of '79 Old Velvet
1 sample bottle of XX Brand
1 Cork Screw 1 Gold tipped Whiskey Glass
FREE

EXPRESS PREPAID

A Gallon of KELLERSTRASS "PRIVATE STOCK" only $2.60

If you and some friends wish to club in for a larger shipment, we will ship you, express prepaid, eight full quarts of Kellerstrass Private Stock for only $5.75—4 quarts at the regular price, $3.15 and the extra 4 quarts for $2.60—and with the shipment we will include **Free** 2 full quarts of our delicious unnamed goods, 2 sample bottles of '79 Velvet and 2 sample bottles of XX Brand, with a cork screw and whiskey glass. Try as much of this whiskey as you like. If you don't pronounce it in every way the most exquisite liquor you ever tasted, ship what you haven't drank back to us and we will promptly refund every cent of the money you have paid us.

We Will Give $1,000.00

in cash to anyone who can show us one single case where a purchaser of KELLERSTRASS "PRIVATE STOCK" notified us that it proved unsatisfactory and we failed to refund the money for it. This is a bona fide offer, made and backed by the KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING CO. with a half million dollar fully paid capital. ($500,000.00)

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $3.90 by Express Prepaid, or 20 Quarts for $14.25 by Freight Prepaid.

Kellerstrass Distilling Co., Branch 78 St. Louis, U. S. A.

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TALKING MACHINE
AND
5 RECORDS
FREE

DISCGRAPHAPHONE [illegible] Japanese scarf and opera hat pins at 10c each. When sold send us $2.40 and this wonderful machine and 5 records are yours. [illegible] sent, prepaid, upon receipt of your name and address. LOGAN DAY COMPANY, Dept. 309 Chicago, Illinois.

4 COMIC POST CARDS FREE to introduce our big Novelty Catalog. These are the funniest cards ever printed, beautifully colored and every one a corker. [illegible] pay postage. DRAKE CARD CO., Dept. 105, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE. Send 2c stamp and birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death. MADAM TOGA, Dept. 88, FAIRFIELD, CONN.

The Cheapest Form of Health Insurance

YOU can buy Health Insurance now. Several good "Accident" Companies sell it.

Sixty dollars per year will bring you $25.00 per week, for every week you are sick.

But, your time alone may be worth far more than that.

And $200 per week might not pay for your suffering.

That's why "Cascaret" Insurance, which prevents Sickness, is worth ten times as much money as other "Health" insurance.

Yet "Cascaret" Insurance will cost you less than Ten Cents a week.

That gives you a "Vest Pocket" Box to carry constantly.

* * *

One tablet taken whenever you suspect you need it will insure you against 90 per cent of all other ills likely to attack you.

Because 90 per cent of these ills begin in the Bowels, or exist through poor Nutrition.

Cascarets don't purge, don't weaken, don't irritate, nor upset your stomach.

No, — they act like Exercise on the Bowels, instead.

They stimulate the Bowel-Muscles to contract and propel the Food naturally past the little valves that mix Digestive Juices with Food.

* * *

The time to take a Cascarat is the very minute you suspect you need one.

—When you have a touch of Heart-burn, Gas-belching, Acid-rising-in-throat, or a Coming-on-Cold.

Carry the "Vest Pocket" Box ready for business where it belongs, just as you would your Watch, Pocket-knife or Lead-pencil.

It costs only 10 cents. At any druggist.

Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC." 715

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IT IS EASY TO
EARN
beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell "Mother's Salve," what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine quality Tea Set No. 715 of 56 full size pieces, beautifully decorated in neat floral design, blue or green. Genuine Arcade ware, in newest shapes, for selling 2 dozen; or this extra fine quality Concord Bed Spread; size 78 x 84 inches, in white, neat patterns, for selling 1 dozen; or this fine Stereoscope Outfit. The hood of the instrument is made of aluminum, with velvet edge and the best lenses. You also get 100 colored views—25 of the San Francisco Earthquake, 25 of Foreign Lands, 25 of American Points of Interest, and 25 Comic Scenes, all for selling only one dozen. Also Curtains, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Croquet Sets, Kitchen Cabinets, Wearing Apparel, Furniture and anything in household goods.
NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE
Just send name and address and we will mail 6 jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return them. No harm done. Compare the quality of our premiums with others.
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by the world's greatest Astrologer. Past, present and future revealed. Send me your name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, and if married or single, and enclose a 2c. stamp for postage and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death. I have made others happy and believe I can help you.
PROF. LEE, Dept. 9, Natick, Mass.

FITS
EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS
can be relieved, and quickly too. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and have hundreds of testimonials from persons who have used my remedy. Do not despair if others have failed. Send at once for treatise and a Free Bottle of my treatment. Give Express and P. O. address. W. H. Peeke, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

WETO GRAPH
The Great Secret Writing System
FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

A BIG DANCING TEDDY BEAR for 10c
The Funniest Teddy Bear You Ever Saw.
For only ten cents we will send you a figure representing the correct likeness of a genuine imported wooly Teddy Bear. He is 14 inches high, with movable legs and arms, and can be made to dance and hop around in a very amusing manner and no one can tell what makes him seem alive. He is really a whole show by himself and amuses the old as well as the young. When you decide to give an exhibition of the powers of this wonderful Teddy Bear just allow everybody to examine it and they will find no hidden machinery. You then take the Bear and lay him on the table or floor, make a few mysterious passes with your hands when to the astonishment of everybody Teddy Bear will be distinctly seen to lift his head and look at the people in the room. Then he will slowly arise and shake himself as if awakening from a long winter's sleep. Next at your command he will answer "yes" or "no" (by nodding or shaking his head) to any question asked. If somebody whistles or plays the piano or some other musical instrument, Teddy Bear will begin to dance, keeping time to the music. During the exhibition you pass a wand or cane around Teddy, just like the magicians do when they want to show that there are no hidden wires or strings. Finally you command Mr. Teddy Bear to lie down and keep quiet. Then you pick him up and allow the spectators to examine him again and no matter how closely they examine him they will be unable to discover any secret mechanism in this wonderful Teddy Bear. Anybody who knows the secret can make him dance, walk, jump, answer questions, etc. In order to get this new novelty on the market and introduce our other toys and novelties we will send one of these Wonderful Dancing Teddy Bears, with full secret directions for operating, all charges paid for only ten cents. DRAKE TOY CO., DEPT 110, 1941 HARRISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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This is one of the most entertaining books for boys ever published, entitled, "Every Boy His Own Toy Maker." It tells you how to make a Steam Engine, a Photograph Camera, a Windmill, a Microscope, an Electrical Machine, a Galvanic Battery, an Electric Telegraph, an Electrotyping Apparatus, a Telephone, a Kaleidoscope, a Magic Lantern, an Æolian Harp; it tells you how to make boats of every kind, from a little row boat to a full-rigged schooner, how to make Kites, Balloons, Paper Toys, Masks, Card Racks, Wagons, Carts, Toy Houses, Bows and Arrows, Pop Guns, Slings, Stilts, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, and many other things, and all is made so plain and simple that any boy can easily make anything described. 64 large octavo pages with over 200 handsome illustrations. Send 10 cents (stamps or silver) and we will send you the Boys' Toymaker, and our catalogue of other bargains. United Specialty Co., Book Dept., 94 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. State you want "Toymaker" when ordering.

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Begun in No. 39, Sept 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nothing that would save time in the construction of the B. C. & G. was left undone. To expedite matters timbers for the bridges were rushed in by wagons from points thirty miles away, so that there should be no delay.

Seeing the rapid progress of the construction along the line of the B. C. & G., the hired emissaries of Purcell were moving heaven and earth to check it.

Already much material had been destroyed, and it was evident that further attempts would be made in the same direction.

As Jim Dorsey and Dan Danford approached Coyote creek they moved with great caution.

That the enemy might be lurking in the vicinity there was little doubt.

A scant growth of timber fringed the stream, with here and there a dense thicket of plum bushes.

Entering the plum thicket some distance below the bridge site, Dan and his companion stole noiselessly through the interlacing foliage, moving toward a pile of timbers on the bank of the creek.

The darkness was so intense that they could see nothing, and were compelled to grope their way.

No sound broke the silence of the night save now and then the lonesome bark of some prowling coyote that came faintly from across the desolate waste of plain.

Having taken up their position not thirty yards from the timbers, the two watched and waited.

An hour passed and still there was no sign of life. Jim got up and stretched himself.

"I guess I'll just take a little walk over to the other side and see what I can discover," he remarked in a low tone. "Stay right here till I come back."

He moved away noiselessly, and in a moment had vanished in the darkness.

Left to himself, Dan sat huddled in the thicket, listening intently to every sound.

A half hour passed, and then a sound broke suddenly on his ears—something like a smothered cry, and then all was silent.

Dan rose quickly and listened, his heart beating tumultuously.

But the only sound that broke the silence of the night was the low murmur of the night wind and the far away bark of a coyote.

A vague feeling of apprehension stole over the youth. What was it he had heard? Could it have been the cry of some night bird?

He crept forward, moving with great caution. He tried to peer into the darkness, but he could see nothing.

He had taken but a step or two when he came to a halt. He remembered that Jim had enjoined him to remain where he was. While he stood irresolute a bird flew from cover just on the rise above him and with a discordant note shot downward into the thicket.

"Jim, Jim," Dan called softly, but he got no response.

Had something happened to his companion?

A vague sense of alarm took possession of him. The silence was oppressive. Added to this the night was growing blacker, and a thin misty rain had begun to fall.

There was a dampness and chill in the air that made the silent watcher shiver.

When danger threatens, there is something to unnerve one in the silence and drakness of night.

Realizing that a foe might be lurking at his very side, Dan stood bewildered and filled with apprehension. Yet he felt to remain inactive would be unendurable.

With great caution he moved forward in the direction taken by Jim Dorsey, pausing at every step to listen.

But a grave-like silence lay over the place, save where the night wind soughed mournfully through the sodden thickets.

Dan had drawn his pistol from his belt, and was on the alert for any foe who might put in an appearance.

Hearing nothing, he again called softly to his companion, but with the same result as before.

Jim Dorsey had disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

Mystified, and filled with alarm, Dan stood in the silence and darkness, irresolute, straining his ears to catch every sound.

Presently he moved on again, and now as he came close to the pile of timbers, a dark form, almost indiscernible in the darkness, rose suddenly at his very side.

A startled cry half rose to Dan's lips, then the form leaped upon him, and the next instant he received a heavy blow that sent him reeling senseless to the earth.

For some time, how long he never knew, he was unconscious. When at last his senses came slowly back to him he was conscious of a swaying movement.

At first he was so dazed as to be unable to recall just what had happened. Then as memory came slowly back a feeling of sudden terror beset him.

He was conscious now of being carried swiftly along through the darkness. The indistinct forms of two men could be seen, and they were hurrying with him—whither, he knew not.

As soon as he became fully conscious of his situation he made a sudden effort to free himself, but he was held with a grip of iron, while a gruff voice commanded him to keep still.

Dan ceased his struggles, realizing the futility of trying to free himself from the clutches of the men.

He was still weak and dizzy, and he remained passive, trying to remember all that had occurred.

What had become of Jim Dorsey? Had he, too, fallen into the hands of the enemy?

These thoughts came to Dan as he felt himself being carried swiftly along through the drizzling rain in the black darkness of the night. There was no doubt in his mind that his captors were in the employ of Purcell, and they had, in some way, been apprised of his coming to Coyote creek. There they had lain in watch till he and Jim Dorsey appeared. That Jim had also fallen into their hands Dan had not the slightest doubt.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind his captors came to a halt, and then he heard something like the knocking at a door.

The next moment a lane of yellow light cut through the gloom, and as Dan opened his eyes he saw the dark outlines of a rude cabin, and through the open door a rough-looking man standing inside, a lamp in his hand.

"Come right in," he cried, and at the invitation the men entered, and crossing the room, deposited their burden on a rude bed.

"I'm about winded luggin' him," panted one of the men as he sank onto a stool and wiped the perspiration from his face.

"The devil and Tom Walker! ye didn't carry him all the way, did ye?" exclaimed the man with the lamp, holding the light above his head so as to get a view of the prisoner.

"Not if we know it," replied the other. "Brought him in a wagon till we got ter the big hollers over the crick an' then we had ter hoof it."

As Dan listened to the words of the men it suddenly occurred to him that it might prove to be to his advantage if he should appear to be unconscious, so he closed his eyes just as the light came close to his face and remained motionless.

CHAPTER XIV.

What the men had said revealed to Dan that he had been unconscious much longer than he had suspected. They had brought him part of the way in a wagon. That part of the journey had been a blank, and of course it was impossible to give any accurate guess as to how far they had traveled.

"You hain't killed him, have ye?" asked the man who was bending over Dan with the light.

"Not a bit uv it," was the reply. "He's all right. Had ter hit him a perty heavy jolt so as ter git him in shape ter handle. I ain't the cove ter play soft an' easy with a chap that's got a shooter in his hand—not I."

The men placed the lamp on a shelf, and stirred up the smouldering coals in the fireplace, for the night was chill and the low patter of rain could be heard on the roof.

As the light fell on the faces of the two men who had brought Dan to the cabin, a single glance would have been sufficient to recognize them as Bill Newson and Dave Painter.

"I am as wet as a drowned rat," commented Bill, as he drew near the fire. "Got any coffee, Doc?" he asked, turning to the man who had admitted the pair to the cabin.

"I'll have some hot in a jiffy," he replied, putting at pot on the coals. "It's powerful chilly out tonight, I reckon?"

"It is so," nodded Bill, "an' the worst uv it is, we've got ter be movin' perty quick."

"The first thing ter be did," remarked Doc Loop—for such was the stranger's name—"is ter git this youngster whar he won't give me any trouble."

"All right," agreed Bill.

Loop crossed the room, and pulling aside a wide cupboard that sat against the wall, disclosed an opening. Then lighting a candle, he made a signal to the other two men, who immediately took hold of Dan and carried him through the opening, following Loop, who went before with the light.

The cabin, which was built against the wall of a cliff, had been so placed it seemed, as to cover the opening to a cavern, and into this the helpless prisoner was carried.

Dan, who now realized that he was to be imprioned in the subterranean chamber, struggled suddenly to free himself, but was held tightly by the two powerful men.

"Who are you? and what do you mean by this outrage?" he cried.

"Only obeyin' orders," replied Bill with a coarse laugh. "The best thing ye can do, youngster, is ter keep cool an' behave yerself."

By this time they had arrived at the entrance of a large chamber whose rocky walls rose to a dome-like roof twenty feet above. Here Dan was deposited on some skins that lay on a rocky floor and the bonds removed from his limbs.

Without a word Bill and Dave turned to retrace their steps to the cabin, and Loop, who followed, turned to Dan.

"The best thing ye can do is ter keep quiet an' don't try ter git out fer ye can't do it. These gents have made arrangements with me to board an' lodge ye fer a spell, an' so ye can jist make yerself at home. Ye won't have a cent ter pay, an' not a thing ter do but keep quiet," and with a low chuckling laugh, he followed the others from the chamber. At the entrance was a heavy oaken door, and this was closed and locked.

Then the three men re-entered the cabin, and when the cupboard was replaced over the opening in the wall, they sat down at a table where Doc Loop poured the steaming coffee for his visitors.

"This is a heap better than licker ter warm a feller's blood," remarked Bill as he sipped the coffee from the tin cup, "specially when one is as wet as a rat."

He edged his chair over toward the fire and basked in the warmth with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Fellers," broke in Doc, "if it ain't too much trouble I'd like ter know what's yer game in keepin' this youngster shet up hyar? I ain't the chap ter show the white feather when it comes ter the pinch, but I allers want ter know what I'm up agin. You hain't made no explanation as ter jist what the chap has done er what he's bin brought hyar fer."

"Oh, ye needn't be skeered," replied Bill. "We want this youngster out uv the way, an' we can't go inter perticulars. The man that's behind us in this enterprise has got millions, an' he'll stand by us through thick an' thin. You keep him hyar one month an' ye git the five hundred dollars we promised, an', as a clincher, hyar's a hundred to start with," added Bill, taking a roll of bank notes from his pocket and passing three twenties to Doc. "Ye'll git a hundred a week till the time is up."

The face of Doc Loop was aglow with pleasure as he took the notes and thrust them into his pocket.

"Thanks, Bill, thanks," he cried. "I

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know ye're on the square, and I'll keep the kid hyar, an' ye can gamble on that."

"We'll depend on ye," declared Bill. "An' now, Dave, we'd better be ridin'."

The two left the cabin, and crossing the valley, came to a steep hill, and having ascended, arrived at an open space in the brush where a man with a wagon and team and a pair of saddled and bridled horses awaited them.

After a short consultation with the man with the wagon, Bill Newson and Dave Painter mounted their horses and rode away.

Meantime, Dan Danford left a prisoner in the rocky chamber, was a prey to the most gloomy reflections.

What had become of Jim Dorsey? Had he been foully dealt with? These and many other questions came to disturb the prisoner's mind.

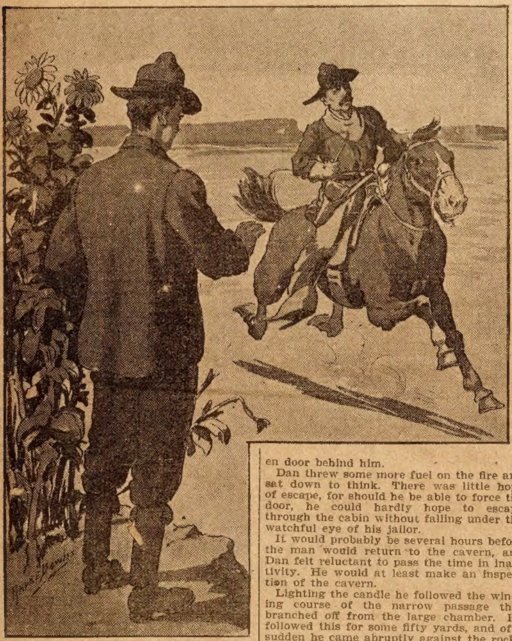
The candle which his jailor had left was still burning, and by its light Dan was able to get a view of his surroundings. But he felt too weak and dizzy just then to attempt to do more than let his eyes wander about him.

A few pine boxes were scattered here and there, and in a nich in the wall a pile of ashes and dead coals showed where a fire had been kindled. Near at hand was a pile of sticks, and thrown against the wall were some cooking utensils, some tin plates and cups.

It was evident that the place had been used as a habitation, and it suggested itself to Dan that it might be the rendezvoux of a band of robbers.

The evident seclusion of the place, the character of the man in the cabin, and other things all conspired to fasten this conviction in Dan's mind.

He lay on the pile of skins, trying to think coherently of his situation. It was a serious blow to his plans and expectations to be thus shut up at a time when he had so much to do.



. . . It was Jim Dorsey.

Of course Purcell was behind it all, and it was easy to guess that his object was to have the youth who had been so actively at work on the B. C. & G. got out of the way.

As Dan looked at the candle he saw that that it was about half burned out and it occurred to him that he might have use for it and it ought to be saved. But if he should extinguish it, he had no way of relighting it, as he had no matches.

After a few moments reflection he got up, and taking the candle, gathered some dry sticks into a heap in the niche in the rock where the fire had been kindled, and lighting these he soon had a cheerful blaze leaping up the rocky wall.

Placing some heavy sticks on the blaze so that the fire would keep many hours, he extinguished the candle and placed it in his pocket, and then he threw himself on the skins, and after a time, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

When Dan Danford awoke it was some time before he could remember just where he was and what had happened. He felt much refreshed, and as he raised himself and glanced about him, memory quickly returned.

The fire he had kindled had burned down till only a pile of dull red coals lay in the nich of rock. He got up and threw some sticks on these and soon a cheerful blaze cast its red glow into the gloomy depths of the chamber.

How long Dan had slept he had no means of knowing, though he fancied it must now be daylight. While he was surveying his surroundings he heard a step and turning, saw his jailor approaching.

There was a grin on the bearded face of Doc Loop as his eyes fell on the youth and the blazing fire.

"Good fer you," he cried. "I see that ye are takin' matters easy like, which shows yer good sense. Frettin' never did do any good, an' it has ruined more lives than licker, which is sayin' a good deal. Hyar is some grub," he added, placing some hot coffee, roast meat and bread on an inverted box. "Fall to an' try an' mek out yer breakfast. We'll have somethin' better fer dinner."

Dan needed no second invitation, for he was hungry, and the smell of the coffee was most welcome.

While he ate, Loop sat on a box, smoking his pipe and keeping up a running fire of talk.

Despite the rough-looking appearance of the man, there was something about his words and manner that impressed Dan with the belief that he was not the desperate character he had at first taken him to be.

This served to lighten his downcast spirits, and after a brief silence he began conversing with his jailor, determined to make the best of his situation.

But Loop would not venture to give him any information as to the object in keeping him a prisoner.

"No, I ain't goin' ter say anything about it," he replied to Dan's inquiry. "It ain't no bizness uv mine, an' if I knowed all about the hull bizness—which I don't—I couldn't give it away."

He remained an hour with Dan, and then taking the empty plates and coffee pot, returned to the cabin, locking the heavy oaken door behind him.

Dan threw some more fuel on the fire and sat down to think. There was little hope of escape, for should he be able to force the door, he could hardly hope to escape through the cabin without falling under the watchful eye of his jailor.

It would probably be several hours before the man would return to the cavern, and Dan felt reluctant to pass the time in inactivity. He would at least make an inspection of the cavern.

Lighting the candle he followed the winding course of the narrow passage that branched off from the large chamber. He followed this for some fifty yards, and of a sudden he came abruptly against the rocky wall.

Here, to all appearances, the passage ended. Dan was about to return and retrace his steps when happening to glance upward, he saw, several feet above his head, another opening.

The wall rising to it was steep and almost devoid of any projections where one might find a foothold, but Dan made up his mind to attempt the ascent.

In order to do this he was compelled to retrace his steps some distance to a point where a shelving rock protruded from the wall, and having gained this, he gradually worked his way back. On reaching the opening, he found it was barely large enough to admit his body, but as he proceeded, it widened gradually till he could stand erect.

The opening extended onward, how far he could not tell, but it was his purpose to continue his explorations as long as his candle should last.

He figured that it would burn an hour at least, and that would give him time, probably, to complete the exploration of the cavern. But he must provide against getting lost, and he noted carefully that there were no side passages that he might wander into.

He kept on, walking briskly, holding the candle above his head, so that he could see to pick his way over the eneven, boulder-strewn floor.

As he proceeded the passage took an upward turn, and for some distance he traveled up a steep incline; then it dipped, and after turning many angles, he came to a deep pool of water. As he stopped to survey it, he discovered that a small stream was pouring into a rocky basin, from which it escaped through a crevice.

While he was debating as to whether he would attempt to cross it or return, he caught a faint glimmer of light, and his heart gave a great bound.

Stooping quickly he peered eagerly into a narrow hole from which the gleam of light came, and it required no second glance to tell him that the light came from the outside.

He made his way rapidly through the shallow basin, and crawling through the cavity, found himself at the edge of a cliff. Through the opening he could see the waving trees and the bright sunlight dancing in a glinting stream far away.

His heart gave a great bound, and he almost cried aloud in sheer joy. It required but a moment to slip through the hole, and then he was standing at the base of a cliff in the midst of a dense thicket through which he could see the waters of a creek gleaming in the morning sun.

Never in all his life had the world looked so beautiful to him. He made his way hastily out of the thicket, and was soon hurrying across the little valley.

He knew not which way to turn, but his

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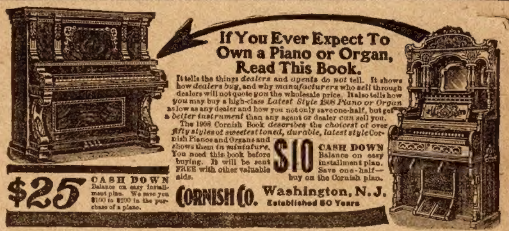

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first object was to get away from the place as quickly as possible, for at any moment his escape might be discovered.

He had no knowledge of direction excepting what he gained from the position of the sun, but as he could form no correct idea as to the time of day, this was of little benefit to him.

He left the creek and soon came to the open plains. Here he could get a view of many miles, but he could see no familiar landmark to guide him.

For an hour he traveled, his face toward the sun, and then suddenly he caught sight of an object moving along the border of the strip of timber that skirted the creek.

This soon resolved itself into a horseman, and fearing lest it might be some one pursuing him, Dan concealed himself in a bunch of sunflowers and waited and watched.

The horseman was coming from the creek now and heading almost for the spot where Dan was concealed. As the horseman drew near Dan recognized him with a thrill of joy.

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Murder at Hilary Court.

(Continued from page three.

A curious expression flitted across Stephen's pale face.

"I guess you're right about that," he said. "Here's Willow Lawn," he added, pointing to a pretty white house, half-cottage, half-villa, with a green lawn gay with flower beds, sloping to a broad stream, fringed with weeping willows. "Are you going to talk to the colonel and his daughter about the murder?"

"Yes, that's my intention," Long replied.

He got out of the buggy at a low, white gate, thanked Stephen, and, opening the gate, walked up to the house.

An elderly man, with a soldierly bearing, whom Long knew must be Colonel Donnelly, came out of the house as he stepped upon the porch.

"I would like to see Miss Donnelly, if you please," said Long.

Colonel Donnelly looked at him inquiringly, as he replied.

"May I inquire what your business is with my daughter, sir? She is not very well at present, and, unless your business is of importance, I must ask you to excuse her."

"My business with Miss Donnelly is of importance," Long said, quietly. "I am a detective employed to work on the Hilary murder case, and I wish to ask Miss Donnelly a few questions. She may be able to afford me certain information that would prove of value."

"I hardly think that my daughter will be able to do that, Mr.——"

"Long is my name," supplemented the detective.

"I beg your pardon. As I was saying, I hardly think that my daughter will be able to afford you any information, Mr. Long, but you shall see her. Walk in, if you please."

Colonel Donnelly led the way into a pretty bright room on the right of the hall.

A girl who had been half-reclining wearily upon a couch beside the window looking toward the willow-bordered stream, arose at their entrance. She was dressed in black, and her face, though pale and grief-worn, was extremely pretty. It was a high-bred type of Irish beauty—dark-gray eyes, heavily lashed, perfect brows, fair skin and very dark hair. She was slender and daintily formed.

"Hard lines on Sir Blair Hilary to have loved so fascinating a piece of femininity and not have won her," Long decided. "Most men in his shoes would have hated his successful rival. She's pretty enough to make trouble."

"Aileen," Colonel Donnelly was saying, "this gentleman, Mr. Long, is a detective, acting in the interests of Sir Blair Hilary. He wishes to ask you some questions."

The girl's pale face flushed, her eyes lighted eagerly.

"Oh, do you think you will be able to prove Sir Blair's innocence?" she cried.

Long regarded her with increased interest.

"I infer from your question, Miss Donnelly, that you believe Sir Blair Hilary innocent?" he replied.

"I have never, for one single instant, believed him guilty," she declared.

This was a development for which the detective had not been altogther prepared—to have the girl, whose lover had been murdered, assert her belief in the innocence of the man accused of the crime. On the contrary, he had expected to find her pretty much in the same frame of mind as the mother of the murdered man.

"I don't think that you will find many who believe Sir Blair Hilary guilty of that murder," said Colonel Donnelly.

"So far, I have only found two persons who believe him guilty—Mrs. Hilary and a man whose name I do not know. He was driving in this direction and gave me a lift. He is a pale, sickly-looking fellow who owns a farm in this vicinity. He gave it as his opinion that Sir Blair Hilary deserved hanging, or words to that effect."

"That must have been Stephen Lawson, Aileen?" said Colonel Donnelly, turning to his daughter.

She nodded, but Long noticed that a disturbed expression flitted across her face.

"I am surprised that Steve Lawson should be so ready to believe Sir Blair guilty," the colonel continued. "But Steve has become embittered and morbid since pretty Grace Giles disappeared. She ran away with some man and has not been heard of since. Stephen Lawson was deeply in love with the girl and he has been a changed man ever since she went away, moody, bitter, and broken in health."

"He certainly appeared to be all that you describe him," remarked the detective, carelessly. "Miss Donnelly," turning to the girl, "you were engaged to be married to Mr. Godfrey, were you not?"

"Yes," she replied, "I was engaged to be married to him."

"It's the general belief, Miss Donnelly, that Sir Blair Hilary was a suitor for your hand," continued the detective. "Pardon me, but is this correct?"

"I was asked that question at the inquest," Aileen replied, with a little frown at the remembrance. "And I had to admit, as I do now, that such was the case. Sir Blair Hilary never asked me to become his wife, but I cannot doubt that it was his intention to do so, had I not accepted his cousin, Godfrey Hilary."

"Do you think that Sir Blair bore his cousin any ill will because of the circumstances you mention?"

"I never had any reason to believe so. He certainly succeeded in concealing it if he did."

"The cousins were attached to each other, were they not?"

The girl hesitated a moment before replying.

"That was the impression they gave."

"I don't think there was a doubt but that Sir Blair was attached to his cousin," said Colonel Donnelly. "But I am not so sure that such was true of Godfrey Hilary."

Aileen flushed a little at her father's words, and bit her lips nervously. Long had a shrewd suspicion that she agreed with the colonel as to the last.

"As you are no doubt aware, Miss Donnelly," said Long, "Sir Blair Hilary refuses to tell what the quarrel between his cousin and himself was about, the night of the murder?"

"Yes, I know that he does," she replied.

"He declares, however, that the quarrel was not about you."

She looked up quickly, her pale face flushing, her lips tremulous.

"Does he—does he say that?" she asked.

"Yes, he made that assertion to me when I visited him yesterday."

"It is possible that Sir Blair may make such an assertion to shield my daughter," suggested Colonel Donnelly.

A change swept over the girl's face. A look of scorn flashed into her eyes, her lips curled contemptuously.

"I think it very possible you accredit him with a chivalry he does not possess," she exclaimed.

"I do not think that I do," Colonel Donnelly said, quickly, but he looked annoyed. "I am not generally wrong in the estimate I form of a man, and I am convinced that, with his many other noble qualities, Sir Blair Hilary is a chivalrous man."

The girl did not reply, the flush died out of her face and the scorn and contempt gave place to a look of deep and unmistakable pain. The detective studied her curiously, wondering what was at the bottom of it all. Why she, one moment, asserted her belief in Sir Blair Hilary's innocence, and the next, seemed to despise him.

"Miss Donnelly, can you arrive at any conjecture as to the meaning of Sir Blair Hilary's words overheard by Mrs. Hilary, 'you shall never marry Aileen Donnelly?'" he asked.

"No," she replied, "I can form absolutely no conjecture as to their meaning."

"Since you are convinced of Sir Blair Hilary's innocence, you do not, of course, regard them in the light of a threat?"

"I do not, of course."

"Well, I'll not trouble you any more at present, Miss Donnelly," the detective said, rising to his feet.

The girl started to her feet and held out her hand to the detective, her beautiful eyes filling with tears.

"Mr. Long, you will try very hard to discover the murderer, will you not?" she said, with almost passionate earnestness.

"I will do that, Miss Donnelly," Long replied, as he released the pretty, white hand. Then, watching her closely, he added, "The murderer of the man you loved shall be brought to justice if I can bring it about."

Aileen drew back with a shudder, her face paling.

"Oh, I—I was not thinking of that," she murmured, of which fact the detective had been pretty well convinced before.

He and Colonel Donnelly went out together.

"There are some things I wish to say to you, Mr. Long," Colonel Donnelly said, as they paused on the porch, "which could not be said before my daughter. I am going to afford you certain information that may prove of use to you. I am convinced that Aileen did not love Godfrey Hilary."

"Indeed! Then what was Miss Donnelly's object in consenting to become his wife?" asked Long.

"That is just what I have never been able to fathom," replied Colonel Donnelly. "I have a most sincere liking for Sir Blair Hilary, and to be quite candid with you, I never liked Godfrey Hilary, his cousin. It was both a surprise and a bitter disappointment to me when Aileen accepted Godfrey, for I believed, and indeed, I still believe that she cared for Sir Blair. I am convinced that she has been unhappy ever since she promised to marry Godfrey. Several times I have tried to speak to her on the subject, but I could not get her to talk about it. Naturally, she was terribly shocked at Godfrey's tragic death, but somehow, I feel that her greatest source of grief is over Sir Blair's unfortunate position."

"That is the way she impressed me at first, but later, as you of course remarked, she spoke very bitterly and contemptuously of Sir Blair."

"That is true, and that is another thing that mystifies me, for she has spoken in that way of Sir Blair several times since her engagement to Godfrey Hilary. There are times—like that you have just witnessed—when she seems really to despise Sir Blair. I must confess it's all a mystery to me," and Colonel Donnelly sighed perplexedly.

"Nevertheless she appears to have implicit faith in Sir Blair's innocence," suggested the detective.

"Yes, she has never doubted that for one moment. She acted very oddly when she first heard of the murder. She turned white as marble and cried in a tone of agony I shall never forget, 'Oh, there is some mistake, it is Sir Blair Hilary who has been murdered, not Godfrey Hilary.' I fancied, for the moment, that the shock had turned her brain. It was some little time before she could be convinced that it was Godfrey and not Sir Blair who had been murdered."

Long took his departure in a few minutes and walked slowly and thoughtfully along the road in the direction of Hilary Court.

"Well," he murmured, as he came in sight of the gates of Hilary Court, "I think I have a pretty good clew to go to work on."

This romantic story will be finished in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not miss the pleasure and instruction of reading it to the end. If you are not already taking the Ledger regularly or if your subscription has expired, we strongly advise you to subscribe at once and get the numerous great and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in this best of all story papers. If the reader would like our splendid stereoscopes free, or if you would like six standard patterns without cost, please note the announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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THE REASON.

"When I was a girl," said grandma,
"We never went bathing with men
At the ocean shore, for girls were more
Modest and maidenly then.

"And our bathing skirts came to our ankles,
And none was so bold as to wear
The sort of gown that is cut 'way down,
With the neck and the shoulders bare."

"When you were a girl," said Polly,
"If you never went bathing with men,
For that sort of dress there's excuse, I confess—
What use was the short skirt then?"

JUNE.

BY ELLA MARTIN.

No one knew anything of her past. She had come to the little village of Grafton a year ago, and no more of her history was known than at first. What she had chosen to tell them was simply that her name was June Marsdon, that she had no friends, but possessed an income sufficient for her needs. No one ever learned more than this. Few had the courage to quiz Miss Marsdon. They called her "June" when not in her presence, for although reserved, she was sweet and gracious, and had endeared herself to the hearts of the people. Soon after her advent in the place they had begun to weave romances about her, and make random guesses as to her past life. But no evil thought was ever harbored concerning her. One as sweet and womanly as June Marsdon could never have been touched by the breath of reproach. Thus it was decided during the first few months of her residence in Grafton. And then people ceased to think of it. She filled a certain nitch in society, and was esteemed by the acquaintances she had made.

Several of the single men of Grafton had laid their hearts at her feet, only to meet with a gentle but firm refusal. One of these was Neil Norman, the junior partner in the bank. He had taken "no" for an answer, however, and one evening he called at her cottage.

"I could not do your bidding, June," he said gently and gravely, as he held her hands for a moment when she came forward to meet him. "I could not stay away entirely. How cruel you are!"

She lifted her deep, dark eyes to his face and gave him a look of pained reproach.

"It is best," she replied unsteadily; "best for you and best for me. It is the only thing possible."

He bent his head till his moustache touched her hair.

"June, my darling!" he breathed softly, "I cannot give you up—I will not. You love me, you cannot deny it. I have seen it in your eyes, heard it vibrate in your voice. You are mine, and I claim you.

She drew back and her face whitened.

"You do not know what you are saying, you cannot know. I tell you it can never be. The reason is hidden in my past—which is a closed book. Only this much can I tell you, that my conscience is clear. I have nothing to reproach myself with."

"I believe it, June, my peerless one. We will say no more about it now, but when I return I shall insist upon knowing the reason for your refusal," he replied.

"And I shall insist upon keeping my secret. It is mine, and no one has a right to share it. I am the best judge as to whether I can marry you, and I tell you there is no hope."

—

It was back in the East where June had come from that Neil's business called him. He did not dream that he was going directly to the vicinity of her old home, and neither did June. But thus fate had willed it.

It was in Lynn, and most unexpectedly, that Neil heard June Marsdon's name mentioned. He was all attention at once, but could learn no more just then, for it had been mentioned casually, in connection with that of a man who had recently been carried to a hospital fatally injured.

Then he made inquiries and learned that in her girlhood June Marsdon had been wedded to one, who coming to the town a stranger, had captivated her fancy. But less than six months later he had eloped with another woman, and poor June, humiliated and crushed in spirit, had disappeared, and none had had news of her since. Having no relatives, it was easy for her to hide herself.

Then Neil understood it all. He visited the hospital where the injured man had been taken. He looked wonderingly at Neil, when he found that his visitor was a stranger.

"Your name is Leander Myers," Neal said, wasting no words, but beginning at the beginning.

The man answered in the affirmative.

"And ten years ago you married June Marsdon?"

"Yes," replied the injured man with a deep groan. "Have you come to reproach me? Wait till you have heard my story. I loved June. She was the purest, fairest girl I knew."

"And yet—"

"Wait, don't judge me yet. The other woman, the one I fled with, had me in her power. She bade me follow her. Had I refused, disgrace and suffering would have fallen upon my darling's head. I cannot explain my words. That is my secret.

"I left June free. She could have procured a divorce and married again."

"She did not."

"She has surely forgotten long ago."

"She is at peace, I think; but she has hidden herself from all who knew her in the old days, and not one of her new associates knows the story of her past."

"And you—"

"I stumbled on it accidentally. She does not deny that her past contains a secret, and she has refused all offers of marriage. Her past stands between her and marriage."

"It will not long," he said.

The death-damp was even then on his brow. He had spoken with great difficulty, as his injuries were internal.

"I shall be dead before morning," he continued. "You can tell her when I am gone.

"You love her or you would not be here." And his eyes rested scrutinizingly upon Neil.

The latter bowed.

"Tell her," he said falteringly, "to be happy. That I died blessing her. Tell her to forgive—to pardon me for the ten years of her life I have wasted."

"Not wasted," said Neil, gently, for he could not help pitying this man who was brought so low. "Not wasted, for she has grown stronger because of her sorrow, I doubt not. She is self-reliant and gentle. She has developed a beautiful and perfect womanhood that is without its peer. Sorrow is discipline sometimes. I know she would pardon you. I will do so in her behalf, and remain with you till—"

"The end. Thank you; it is not far off. It was fate that brought me back here to die."

—

June was sitting alone in her neat, little parlor just at twilight, when a telegram was placed in her hands.

She tore it open with feverish haste.

"Leander Myers died today. NEIL."

That was all. But it told her he had discovered her secret, her humiliation, and she trembled with excitement.

Neil Norman would not want to marry her now—she a deserted wife—now a widow.

"Oh, had I not enough to bear," she moaned, that fate should discover my secret to him!"

Again she must go away and begin life anew among strangers, and hide the disgrace of it.

Of course the old love was dead. No woman with self-respect could continue to love the man who could so wrong her—his wife. And just now, when at last peace had stolen into her life, when she had learned to bear her fate, this new trial had come upon her.

But before arrangements could be made for her departure Neil stood before her.

Her face paled.

"How could you?" she said reproachfully, "it was cruel."

"There was no other way," he answered her, "I must have the certificate of his death. I must needs let you know that I am aware of your secret.

"And June, I can claim you now. It was fate that led me to your past. June, my darling! you cannot longer resist for you love me—tell me, is it not so?"

"Yes," she said, putting her hands in his, "I could not help it, Neil—I was so lonely. But I never meant to yield."

Then he told her the words that had been uttered by her husband on his death bed, and it removed in part the sense of humiliation that had clung to her all these years. He had not tired of her as she had thought—he had not wilfully deserted her, but only to spare her greater shame.

"I can forgive him," she said softly, "for once I loved him."

"And now?" he questioned.

"Now I love, you, Neil," she whispered putting her arms about his neck, as he drew her closer to him.

* * *

A business house in Athens imported five hundred pairs of American shoes last year and sold them readily. They were cheaper than the Greek shoes, and much more comfortable. The Greek shoemakers became alarmed, besieged their legislators, and succeeded in forcing the imposition of a prohibitive tariff duty on American shoes.

FREE---6 STYLISH PATTERNS---FREE

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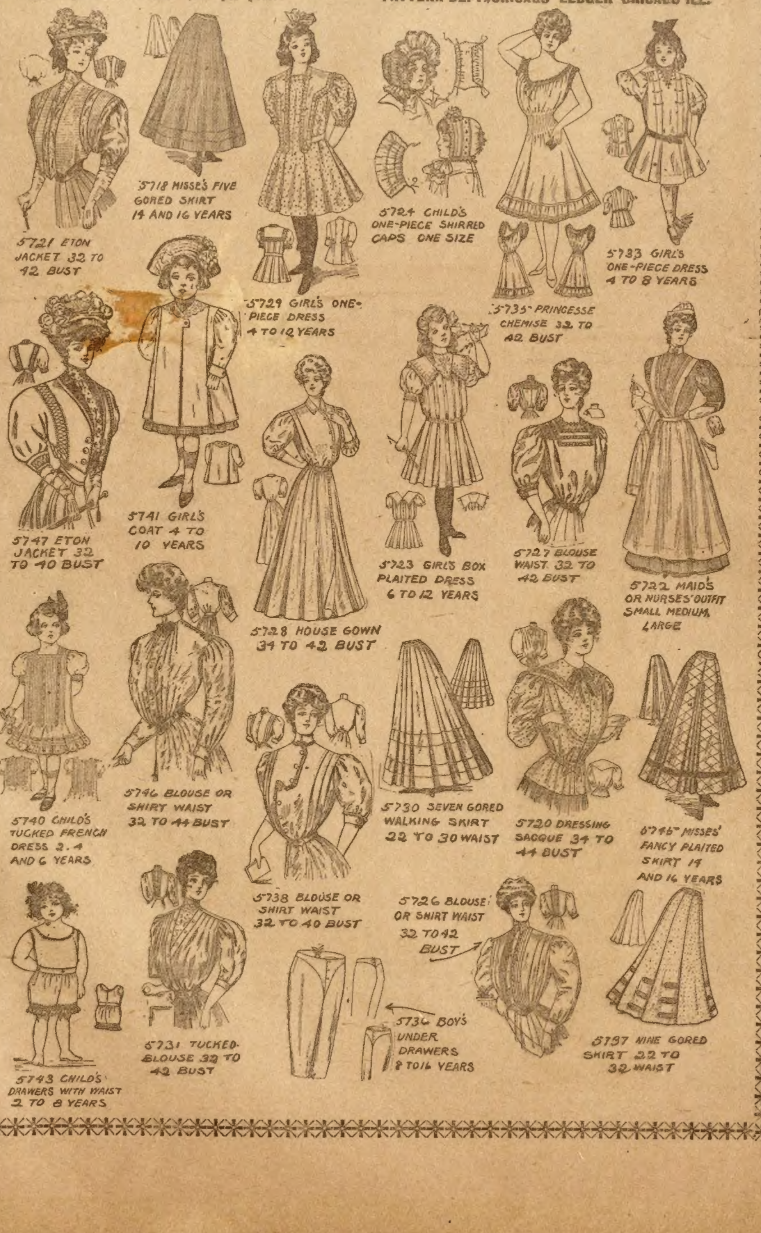
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Let Me Tell Your Fortune FREE!

IN ORDER TO PROVE TO YOU THAT I CAN READ YOUR FUTURE I WILL SEND YOU AN ASTROLOGICAL SKETCH OF YOUR LIFE IF YOU WILL FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW AND MAIL IT TO ME WITH A TWO-CENT STAMP FOR RETURN POSTAGE.

For something like ten years I have made this same sweeping free offer to the readers of this paper. During this time hundreds have consulted me. Hundreds have been made happier and more successful by my advice and counsel.

Now, just a word with you personally—you have, doubtless, noticed days and weeks when everything went wrong with you, while at other times your efforts were crowned with success. You can call to mind in your own short life, a dozen instances when forces seemingly beyond your own control brought success or failure. The reading of your life which I ask to send you free is the key to these mysteries. Life is not all luck as many would have you believe.

It is an acknowledged fact that the position of the stars in heaven, at the time of your birth, has an influence over your life from the cradle to the grave. It is my task as an astrologer to interpret this story of the stars and reveal it to you in plain English.

I can tell you how and when you can be successful in business, in love, in every field of life's endeavor. The information I will give you free, if you will but write me, may alone open avenues of success which so far have been closed to you. It may save you from the swamps and pitfalls of failure. It may turn defeat into victory.

By Astrology we learn our capabilities, our fortunate days and periods; we learn when and how to do the right thing. This means success. The stars will tell you who is to marry and when. This means happiness. I have never known of a divorce where a couple were mated in strict accordance with the teachings of this noble science.

Yes, Astrology is a science and a noble one. Its whole purpose is helpful and uplifting when properly interpreted.

What I have done for others should convince you that I can help you.

I print here a few letters from friends who have been so well pleased and so well satisfied with my work that they have freely granted me permission to use their names and portraits in my advertising. Positively no letters are published without this permission.

MISS LOU SMITH

Mrs. S. Hansen, of Loleta, Cal., says: "If you had known me my whole life-time, you could not have told my thoughts more vividly. You named my lucky and unlucky days exactly and everything else you told me was perfectly true."

Some time ago I advised Mr. B. H. Robinson, of Cleremont, Ont., to take a certain journey. He was not in favor of the move, but writes that he finally acted upon my advice, and by so doing secured a position paying from $80 to $100 a month. I have since had further letters from Mr. Robinson telling me that the other predictions which I made were all coming out exactly true.

Here are a few short extracts from a letter written by Miss Lou Smith, of Danville, Va.:—"I have read my horoscope over and over, I believe it is worth more than ten dollars to me. My lucky days are named correctly and everything of both past and present is exact. My friends agree that you have hit me perfectly."

Can you refuse to believe in Astrology in the face of this extract from a letter written by Miss Margaret Sanders, of Como, La.? Please read carefully. "The warnings you gave me two years ago about accepting gifts from a stranger; what you told me in regard to false friends, and the dangers you mentioned in connection with a journey on the water are all true. By having your kind words of warning in time my life has been made happier and brighter."

Mrs. M. A. Revers, of Union Springs, Ala., assures me that one could not ask for a better guide than the reading which I sent her three years ago, for everything I told her has come to pass exactly as predicted.

How correctly I advise regarding the immediate future is shown in the case of Mr. Hugh Leithalt, of Philadelphia, Pa., who says: "I have had my reading only six weeks, yet many of your predictions have already been fulfilled."

In like manner, Rev. E. E. Parsons, of Lewiston, Ill., notifies me that the things which I said were to happen to him are fast being fulfilled, that I hit his case exactly, and each and every statement is correct to date.

Captain Wm. G. Hinds, of Gratitude, Md., freely admits that I notified him in advance of a danger by theft and a disappointment in his love affairs.

From far away Egypt, Mr. Hugh Hyzler writes: "I did not expect so much detailed facts. Surely the reading you sent me is by far the best of any I have ever received from an Astrologer."

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MR. B. H. ROBINSON

Many who wrote me first from idle curiosity are glad now to consult me regularly on all important matters. If you also doubt I will convince you of my ability to aid and assist you.

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Try It Once.

Ever since there were men and horses there have been balky horses and mad men. When a horse gets the habit of balking he might as well be taken out and shot. No one knows exactly why he does it, but it is supposed to be ugly temper.

Some six months ago a lad named William Frazer, living in Bristol, England, astonished a lot of people surrounding a balky horse by holding one of the animal's forefeet up for about ten minutes. Then he lowered it and the horse started off.

The thing is being tried all over England today, and there has not been a failure so far. The boy says the idea "Just came to him," and if it turns out a perfect cure it will be too bad that he won't make any money out of it.

WATER-LILIES.

The water is the cradle for the lilies fair
and white;
It dances them by daytime and it soothes
to sleep by night.
The bulrushes are sentinels that guard
the buds from harm;
The breezes rock the cradle, and the sun-
light keeps them warm.

With all these kindly nurses' aid the lily
babies thrive.
Their smiling faces show how glad they
are to be alive.
They fill the air with perfume as they
rock and toss and grow,
And dream of childish messengers, with
whom they long to go.
At last the searching children come,
when summer time is gay;
They pick the lilies waiting there, and
carry them away.

How to Buy a Doll.

A father was commissioned by his wee daughter to buy a dozen little bisque dolls. Her instructions were so many and so detailed that the father found himself hesitating to perform the commission. "See here, Ethel," he said at last, "I'm afraid I'll make some mistake. Don't you think you'd better wait until your cold is better, and then you can go into town some day with mamma and pick out the doll babies for yourself?"

"Oh, no, papa," cried Ethel, "I do so want them right off. And, papa, I'll tell you how to choose them—just pick each one up and look straight into its eyes, and if it looks at you as if it really and truly loves you, why, you buy it."

Menagerie.

Secure a box four or five feet long and one to two feet across, open at both ends. Put a sliding partition in the center and place it, covered with a dark cloth, on a table in a room adjoining the one where the company is assembled. Admit a boy and girl to this room, which is the menagerie; the keeper asks them what animal they wish to see first. They are then placed at the opposite ends of the box and told to look within. For a second they see nothing, then the partition is suddenly drawn out and they gaze at one another. They remain in the room till all have been admitted and hoaxed in the same way.

No More Drummer Boys.

In the battle of Waterloo the English forces had over ninety drummer boys killed, and [illegible] lost nearly 200. From that [illegible] the armies of the world began to dispense with drummers in war, and now no army has them. Bugles are used instead of drums, and most buglers are at least 20 years old.

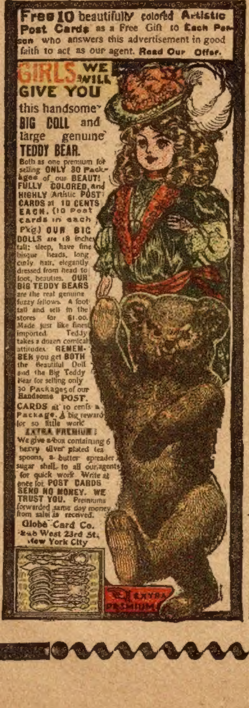
Strange Animals.

In the Malay archipelago is a reptile much like the mythical dragon. It has false ribs that extend the loose skin and form its wings. There is also a frog with spreading feet that makes a parachute which enables it to flit from tree to tree, and a flying lemur, that can spread out its whole body like an umbrella and leap and fly a hundred feet at a time, from the top of one tree to another.

When It Hurt.

Bobby (admiring the India ink tatooing on Dickey's arm)—Did it hurt much?

Dickey—Not till my mother saw it.



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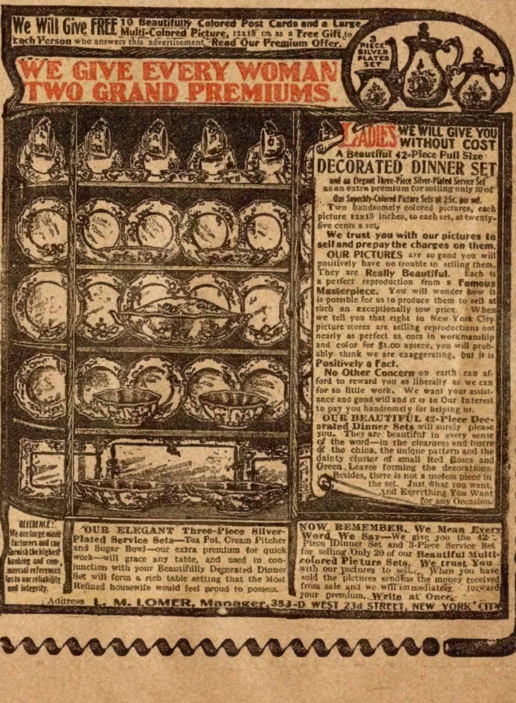

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